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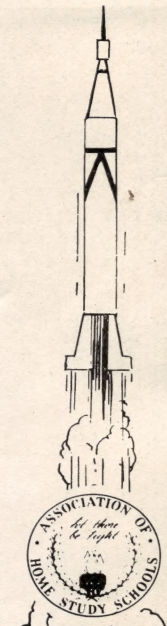

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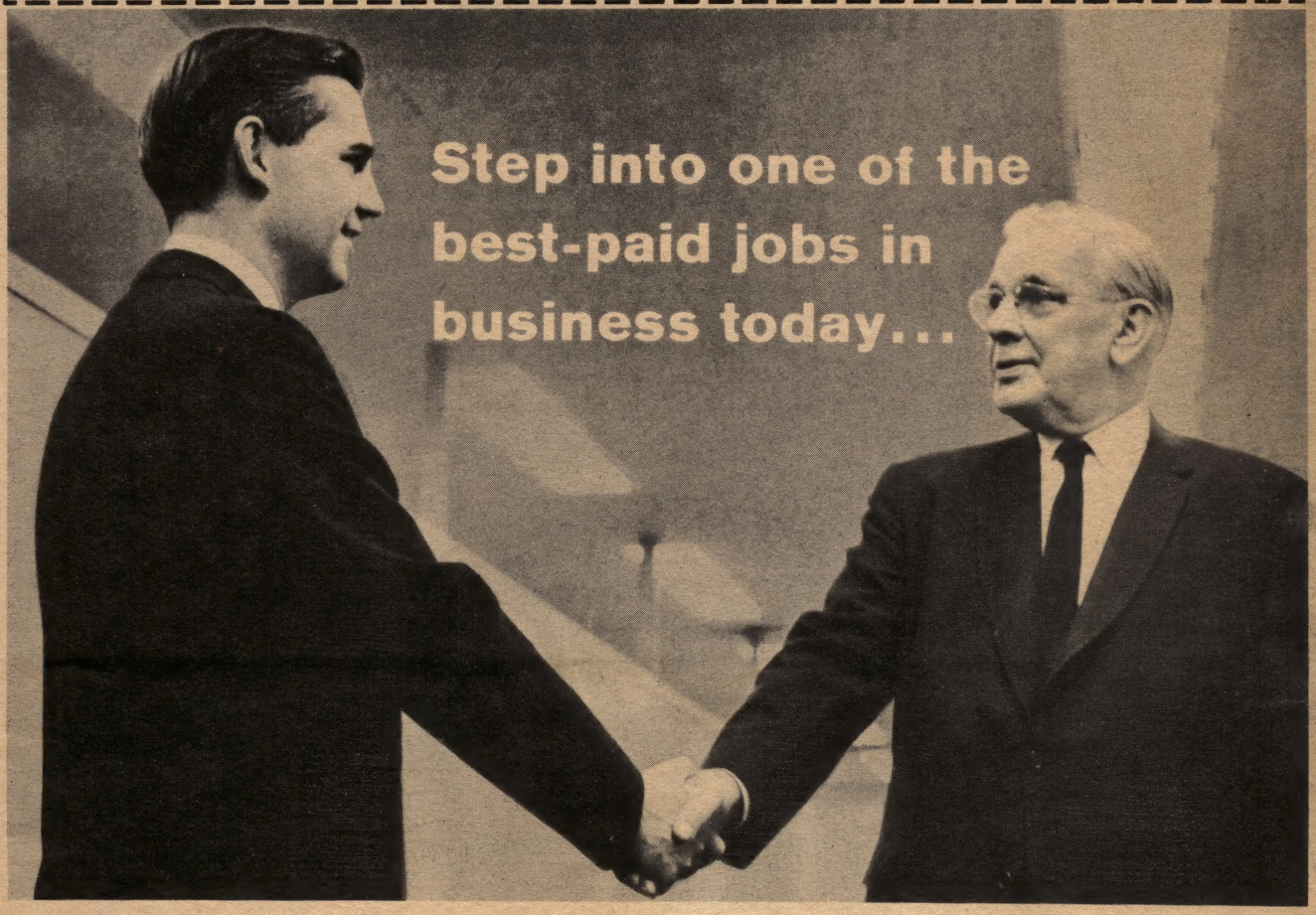

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ACTION FOR men

THE SIGN OF GREAT READING! LOOK FOR THIS DIAMOND ON THE COVER OF YOUR FAVORITE ADVENTURE MAGAZINES

MAY, 1964
VOL. 8, No. 3

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The average CTI student is eager to put his skill to profitable work, on a part-time basis. Though most students prefer to tie up with local dealers and repair establishments, a surprising number are independents The extra cash helps meet training cost. Often there's enough to bank, or invest in more equipment.

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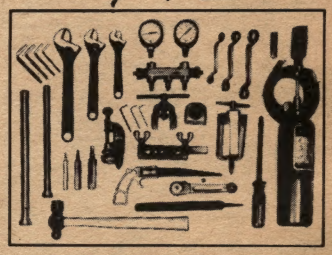

An exclusive feature of CTI training is that you get parts to build a ¼ h.p. commercial-type condensing unit (above). You also receive mechanic's tools and gauges (right). After unit is assembled, you can build an air conditioner, freezer, refrigerator or milk cooler. Only CTI sends *working* kits.

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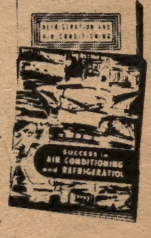

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GAG LINE

A baseball player was in the middle of a terrible slump as a result of not getting enough rest because of his chronic inability to resist the charms of glamorous blondes. His manager finally told him to straighten up or go back to the minors so the player swore to reform, concluding:

"I'm through with girls forever. Give me one more chance and I swear that I won't look at a girl until the end of the season."

The following afternoon the player was walking down the street with a luscious lady he had known for all of 12 hours when he collided squarely with the manager of the team. The manager's face clouded with anger and the hapless ballplayer swallowed hard and stammered: "Don't jump to conclusions. I would like to introduce my wife."

"Your wife!" roared the manager. "She's *my* wife!"

o o o

Two coeds were discussing their future. "I think I'll get a job as an airline stewardess," decided one. "That way I know I'll be able to meet lots of men."

"Not me," said her friend. "There are loads of other jobs where you have the opportunity to meet just as many men."

"Maybe so," answered the first with a distant smile. "But not strapped down!"

o o o

The wife of a well-heeled businessman was leaving town on a vacation trip and called her husband's office from the airport. "Tell Mr. Smith," she instructed the new secretary, "that I forgot to plug in the alarm clock on his side of the bed."

"Of course," chirped the secretary, "and who should I say called?"

o o o

"Bring me a plate of hash," said the customer.

The waiter walked over to the kitchen elevator. "Gent wants to take a chance," he called down the speaking tube.

"I'll have some hash, too," said a second customer.

The waiter picked up the tube again. "Another sport," he yelled.

o o o

At a social gathering, a family doctor told this story.

"One night I was awakened at 2:30 in the morning by a telephone call from a patient whose family I hadn't treated for quite some time. 'Doctor,' said the excited man, 'please come over as quickly as you can. My wife is having severe pains and I'm convinced she has appendicitis.'

"Rousing myself from sleep, I had difficulty in recalling the medical history of the man's family and said, 'It's probably indigestion.'

" 'Oh, doctor, you've got to come. I'm sure it's appendicitis.'

"Now look, Mr. James, I took your wife's appendix out almost three years ago. You must know she can't have another one.

" 'I know, doc,' said the husband, 'but I have another wife.' "

o o o

An advertising director flew to the coast to discuss a TV show with an actor. The actor apologized for the absence of his wife, explaining that she was upstairs caring for their five children.

"What ages?" asked the director.

"Five, four, three, two and one," smiled the young actor.

"Say," commented the advertising executive, "I hope I'm not keeping you!"

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Every contestant will be notified of his standing within 30 days after we receive his entry. You will not have to wait and wonder for a long time as to how you stand. If (as expected) a tiebreaker will be required, you will be notified if you are tied with others.

RULES

1. Solve this puzzle as you would any other crossword puzzle except that the letters you supply are determined, not by definitions, but by letter values.

2. Fill in every empty square with a letter. When completed, every series of 2 or more letters must spell a word, both across from left to right and down. Every word used in the solution must be taken from the accompanying "OFFICIAL WORD LIST" and must be spelled exactly as it is there. A word may be used more than once (no limit).

3. Black squares have no value. Using the letter values shown here, add the value of all letters in each line (both the letters already in the puzzle and those you supply) and place these line totals at the right of the puzzle as indicated. Then add up these line totals and put your Total Score in the space indicated. Add your score carefully as any error in computing your score will disqualify your entry. An entry once submitted cannot be changed. However, a contestant may send in more than one entry. See Rule 6.

4. The object is to obtain as high a Total Score as you can, obeying all the Rules. (See Rule 7 for ties.) This is a contest of skill. There are no "tricks" planned or allowed.

5. Anyone over 18 years of age, from the U.S. or Canada (including military personnel abroad), may enter this contest except members and employees of the sponsors, their advertising agents and their immediate families. Each entry must be accompanied by a $2.00 entry fee. This fee is to cover costs and administrative expenses.

6. A contestant may send in more than one entry, but each entry must be accompanied by the $2.00 entry fee. So if you see a chance to improve on an entry you have already sent in, you may send another. Extra entry blank sent free on request. While various members of a family may each enter the contest not more than one prize may be won by one household.

7. Ties are expected, in which case a tiebreaker will be required. It will be sent only to those who may be tied for any of the prizes. The tiebreaker will be similar to this puzzle. It will be the same size, 11 squares each way, but with fewer letters supplied and more empty squares. The Official Word List, with more words, will also be supplied. Seven days will be allowed for solving tiebreakers. Highest score wins highest prize for which there are ties, and so on. Each tiebreaker has its own rules and may have slight changes.

If any ties still remain, additional tiebreakers up to 4 more may be sent to determine the winners. If any ties still remain after the 5 tiebreakers, then the full amount of the prize or prizes tied for will be awarded to each tied contestant. However, in all our previous contests, 2 tiebreakers or less were required to determine all winners. There is never any additional fee for tiebreakers.

8. Contestants shall not receive from, nor furnish to, anyone outside their own household, all or part of any solution in this contest.

9. Cut out the entry blank along the dotted lines, enclose your $2.00 fee and mail to Town and Country Ass'n, P. O. Box 1562, Tacoma, Wash. 98401. Entries must be postmarked not later than midnight April 25, 1964, and received by May 5, 1964.

10. **Promptness Prize**—$500.00 cash. If you send your entry and $2.00 fee on or before the date shown on the Official Entry Blank, you will qualify for the $500.00 Promptness Prize. This Promptness Prize will be added to the first prize only.

11. When we receive your entry and $2.00 entry fee we will send you:
   a. Acknowledgment of your entry (LET US KNOW IF NOT RECEIVED IN 30 DAYS.)
   b. Notification of your standing at this point in the contest.
   c. Our latest bulletin of news about our contests.
   d. Prizes will be paid about July 20, 1964. At that time we will send you the list of prize winners and a copy of the highest scoring solution.

12. By entering this contest, you agree to accept the judges' decisions as final. The sponsors reserve the right to offer increased prizes. We cannot be responsible for lost or delayed mail. The sponsors reserve the right to decide any and all questions that may arise concerning this contest. All entries become the property of the sponsors. This contest is subject to all Federal, State and Local regulations.

First Prize Winners in our latest contests are:

Contest No. 5, $1,000.00 cash was won by Mr. W. D. Johnson, 909 Elmeer Place, Metaire, La. (All prizes paid July, 1959.)

Contest No. 6, $1,000.00 cash was won by Mr. James E. Cahill, Box 63, Warminster, Pa. (All prizes paid June, 1960.)

Contest No. 7, $2,500.00 cash was won by Mrs. Betty E. Lee, 856 West Sammamish Road No., Bellevue, Wash. (All prizes paid June, 1961.)

Contest No. 8, $3,000.00 cash was won by William A. Miller, Jr., 225 So. 40th St., Philadelphia, Pa. (All prizes paid June, 1962.)

Contest No. 9,$3,000.00 cash was won by Mrs. G. L. Girardo, 148 E. 108th Ave., Denver, Colo. (All prizes paid July and August, 1963.)

In this, Contest No. 10, will **YOU** be the winner of the $2,000.00 cash prize?

LETTER VALUES

A-1
B-1
C-3
D-1
E-1
F-2
G-2
H-1
I-3
J-0
K-0
L-1
M-3
N-2
O-2
P-0
Q-0
R-2
S-2
T-1
U-2
V-0
W-1
X-0
Y-1
Z-0

FIRST PRIZE $2,000.00

($1,500.00 PLUS $500.00 PROMPTNESS PRIZE)

2d PRIZE	$1,000.00
3d PRIZE	400.00
4th PRIZE	200.00
5th PRIZE	80.00
6th PRIZE	30.00
7th PRIZE	20.00
8th PRIZE	10.00
92 PRIZES EACH $5.00	460.00
TOTAL	$4,200.00

OFFICIAL WORD LIST

ALL	FA	LET	OR	TUB
ARM	FIT	LOT	PLOD	WASH
AS	FOR	LYE	RE	WELL
AT	FUN	ME	RIB	WET
BET	GLAD	MY	RIP	WIN
DEN	HAY	NEEDS	TAB	WISH
EAT	INLAW	NICE	THEN	WIT
EL	IT	NINE	THEY	WON
EN	JO	NU	TO	YOU

THE ORIGINAL CROSSWORD-VALUE PUZZLE

LINE TOTALS

F		N		F		R		A		L	
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TOTAL SCORE

OFFICIAL ENTRY BLANK

To qualify for Promptness Prize mail on or before April 20, 1964

BE SURE AND ENCLOSE YOUR $2.00 ENTRY FEE

PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY

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How to Speak and Write Like a College Graduate

"It's easy," says Don Bolander...

"and you don't have to go back to school!"

"Do you avoid the use of certain words even though you know perfectly well what they mean? Have you ever been embarrassed in front of friends or the people you work with, because you pronounced a word incorrectly? Are you sometimes unsure of yourself in a conversation with new acquaintances? Do you have difficulty writing a good letter or putting your true thoughts down on paper?

"If so, then you're a victim of *crippled English,*" says Don Bolander, Director of Career Institute. "Crippled English is a handicap suffered by countless numbers of intelligent, adult men and women. Quite often they are held back in their jobs and their social lives because of their English. And yet, for one reason or another, it is impossible for these people to go back to school."

Is there any way, without going back to school, to overcome this handicap? Don Bolander says, "Yes!" With degrees from the University of Chicago and Northwestern University, Bolander is an authority on adult education. During the past eight years he has helped thousands of men and women stop making mistakes in English, increase their vocabularies, improve their writing, and become interesting conversationalists *right in their own homes.*

BOLANDER TELLS HOW IT CAN BE DONE

During a recent interview, Bolander said, "You don't have to go back to school in order to speak and write like a college graduate. You can gain the ability quickly and easily in the privacy of your own home through the Career Institute Method." In his answers to the following questions, Bolander tells how it can be done.

Question *What is so important about a person's ability to speak and write?*

Answer People judge you by the way you speak and write. Poor English weakens your self-confidence – handicaps you in your dealings with other people. Good English is absolutely necessary for getting ahead in business and social life. You can't express your ideas fully or reveal your true personality without a sure command of good English.

Question *What do you mean by a "command of English"?*

Answer A command of English means you can express yourself clearly and easily without fear of embarrassment or making mistakes. It means you can write well, carry on a good conversation – also read rapidly and remember what you read. Good English can help you throw off self-doubts that may be holding you back.

Question *But isn't it necessary for a person to go to school in order to gain a command of good English?*

Answer No, not any more. You can gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate right in your own home – in only a few minutes each day.

Question *Is this something new?*

Answer Career Institute of Chicago has been helping people for many years. The Career Institute Method quickly shows you how to stop making embarrassing mistakes, enlarge your vocabulary, develop your writing ability, discover the "secrets" of interesting conversation.

Question *Does it really work?*

Answer Yes, beyond question. In my files there are thousands of letters, case histories and testimonials from people who have used the Career Institute Method to achieve amazing success in their business and personal lives.

Question *Who are some of these people?*

Answer Almost anyone you can think of. The Career Institute Method is used by men and women of all ages. Some have attended college, others high school, and others only grade school. The method is used by business men and women, typists and secretaries, teachers, industrial workers, clerks, ministers and public speakers, housewives, sales people, accountants, foremen, writers, foreign-born citizens, government and military personnel, retired people, and many others.

Question *How long does it take for a person to gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate, using the Career Institute Method?*

Answer In some cases people take only a few weeks to gain a command of good English. Others take longer. It is up to you to set your own pace. In as little time as 15 minutes a day, you will see quick results.

Question *How may a person find out more about the Career Institute Method?*

Answer I will gladly mail a free 32-page booklet to anyone who is interested.

MAIL COUPON FOR FREE BOOKLET

If you would like a free copy of the 32-page booklet, How to Gain a Command of Good English, *just mail the coupon below. The booklet explains how the Career Institute Method works and how you can gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate quickly and enjoyably at home. Send the coupon or a post card today. The booklet will be mailed to you promptly.*

DON BOLANDER, Career Institute, Dept. 83C, 30 East Adams

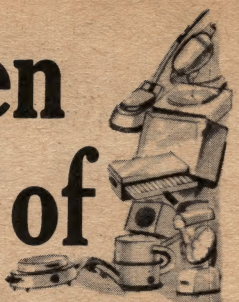
Please mail me a free copy of your 32-p

NAME_____

STREET_____

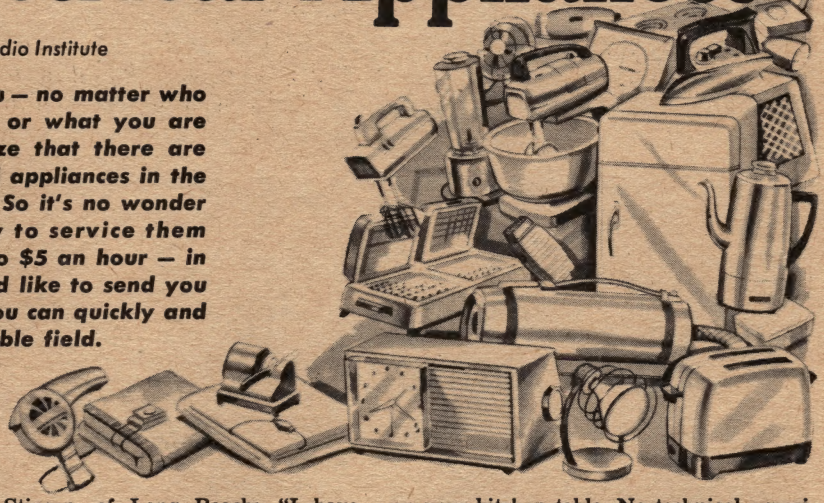
CITY_____

Profits That Lie Hidden in America's Mountain of Broken Electrical Appliances



By J. M. Smith *President, National Radio Institute*

And I mean profits for you — no matter who you are, where you live, or what you are doing now. Do you realize that there are over 400 million electrical appliances in the homes of America today? So it's no wonder that men who know how to service them properly are making $3 to $5 an hour — in spare time or full time! I'd like to send you a Free Book telling how you can quickly and easily get into this profitable field.



THE COMING OF THE AUTO created a multi-million dollar service industry, the auto repair business. Now the same thing is happening in the electrical appliance field. But with this important difference: anybody with a few simple tools can get started in appliance repair work. No big investment or expensive equipment is needed.

The appliance repair business is booming — because the *sale* of appliances is booming. One thing naturally follows the other. In addition to the 400,000,000 appliances *already* sold, this year alone will see sales of 76 million *new* appliances. For example, 4,750,000 new coffee makers, almost 2,000,000 new room air conditioners, 1,425,000 new clothes dryers. A nice steady income awaits the man who can service appliances like these. And I want to tell you why that man can be *you* — even if you don't know a volt from an ampere now.

A Few Examples of What I Mean

Now here's a report from Earl Reid, of Thompson, Ohio: "In one month I took in approximately $648 of which $510 was clear. I work only part time." And, to take a big jump out to California, here's one from J. G. Stinson, of Long Beach: "I have opened up a small repair shop. At present I am operating the shop on a spare time basis — but the way business is growing it will be a very short time before I will devote my full time to it."

Don't worry about how little you may now know about repair work. What John D. Pettis, of Bradley, Illinois wrote to me is this: "I had practically no knowledge of any kind of repair work. Now I am busy almost all my spare time and my day off — and have more and more repair work coming in all along. I have my shop in my basement."

We Tell You Everything You Need to Know

If you'd like to get started in this fascinating, profitable, rapidly growing field — let us give you the home training you need. Here's an excellent opportunity to build up "a business of your own" without big investment — open up an appliance repair shop, become independent. Or you may prefer to keep your present job, turn your spare time into extra money.

You can handle this work anywhere — in a corner of your basement or garage, even on your kitchen table. No technical experience, or higher education is necessary. We'll train you at home, in your spare time, using methods proven successful for over 45 years. We start from scratch — *tell* you in plain English, and *show* you in clear pictures — everything you need to know. And, you will be glad to know, your training will cost you less than 20¢ a day.

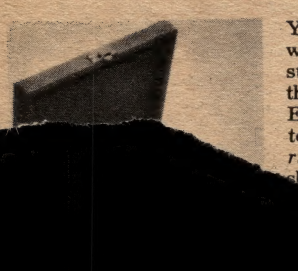
FREE BOOK *and Sample Lesson*

I think that our 24-page Free Book will open your eyes to a whole world of new opportunities and how you can "cash in" on America's "Electrical Appliance Boom."

I'll also send you a Free Sample Lesson. It shows how simple and clearly illustrated our instruction is — how it can quickly prepare you for a profitable future in this big field. Just mail coupon, letter, or postcard to me: *Mr. J. M. Smith, President, National Radio Institute, Dept.*X6E4,*Washington 16, D.C.* (No obligation, of course — and no salesman will call on you.)

EARN WHILE YOU LEARN *with this APPLIANCE TESTER*

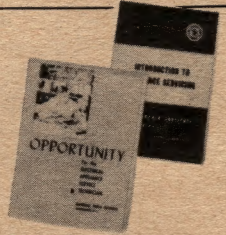
— Yours at No Extra Charge



Your NRI Course comes *complete* with all the parts to assemble a sturdy, portable Appliance Tester that helps you earn while you learn. Easy-to-follow manual tells how to assemble and use the Tester *right away*. Locate faulty cords, short circuits, poor connections, etc. ...iffy; find defects in house wir- ...sure electricity used by ap- ...many other uses. ...Tester you save time ...y by doing jobs ...sure appliances ...after repairs.

MAIL THIS FOR FREE BOOK and SAMPLE LESSON

Mr. J. M. Smith, President
NATIONAL RADIO INSTITUTE
Dept. X6E4, Washington 16, D.C.



Tell me how I can "cash in" on the "Electrical Appliance Boom." Send me your illustrated FREE BOOK that outlines the whole NRI Course, tells what opportunities are open to me, answers my questions, describes success of other students, and much more. Also send me the FREE SAMPLE LESSON so I can see how clear and easy your instructions are. I am particularly interested in:

☐ **Spare Time Earnings** ☐ **Business of My Own** ☐ **Better Job**

I understand there is no obligation on my part; and no salesman will call on me.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....Zone....State.....

Accredited Member National Home Study Council

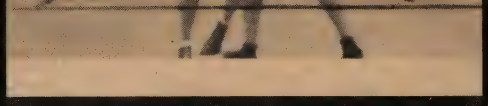
GETTING AWAY WITH MURDER

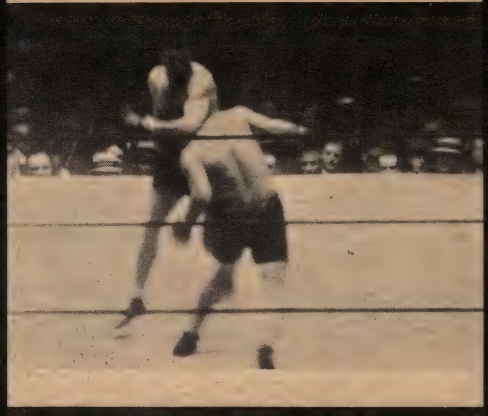
The difference between fair and foul in sports can be thin as a hairline. Then, again, it can be flagrant. Either way, it may make—or break—a great athlete.

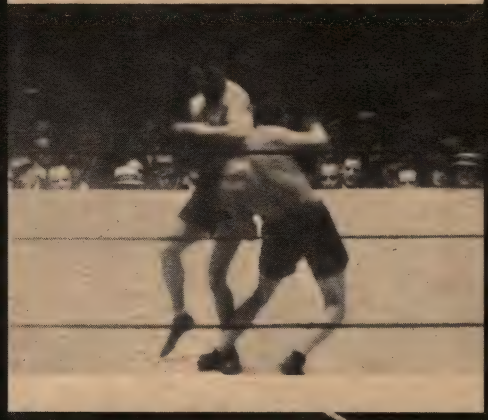
Ryne Duren suffered concussion in beaning. All pitchers ignore rules, throw "brushbacks."

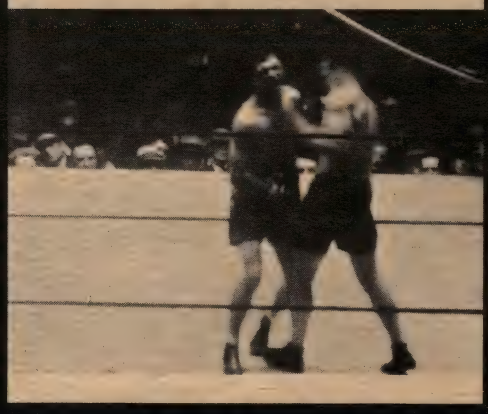
Lauri Lehtinen (l.) beat American in Olympic race although fouling him 3 times in stretch.

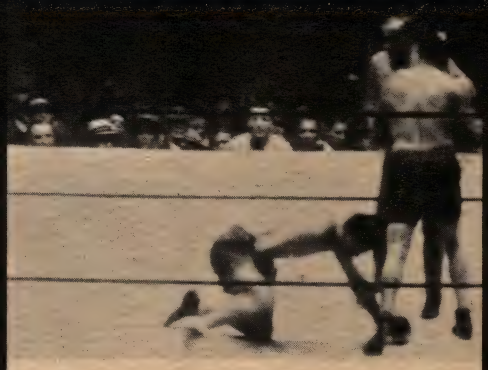
Pro football line play is often no holds barred, as shown in a closeup of Giant-Card game.











Reel of controversial Sharkey-Schmeling bout back in 30s shows German's face contorted with pain as he's hit below the belt, goes down, is given the title in fourth round of match.

● On the morning of May 4, 1956, the naked bodies of two American officers and two 19-year-old German girls were found dead in a three-room apartment at No. 89 Halenseer Damm, in the West End of Berlin. There were signs all around the room that a wild party had taken place. The autopsy revealed that all had died from an overdose of heroin. The story made front page news in West Berlin and banner headlines in East Berlin and East Germany. One East Berlin paper announced: "American Dope Fiends Murder German Girls."

PLEASE TURN NEXT PAGE

TRUE BOOK BONUS

CAPT. BATES' STRANGE BERLIN MISSION

HOUSE OF CALL-

By ALEX AUSTIN

Unless he could crack the swank bordello that held the key to the plot, hordes of neo-Nazis, disguised as GI troops, would cross the city's checkpoints against the Reds—in a wild attempt to regain power amidst the utter chaos of World War III.

Ditching the blonde, he tackled the guards, disabling one of them in an iron judo grip.

Art by Bob Stanley

DOLL FRAULEINS

HOUSE OF CALL-DOLL FRAULEINS

Murder was the correct word—but as subsequent investigations by both American authorities and West Berlin police disclosed, the four parties concerned had been murdered with great skill by members of Germany's fast-rising neo-Nazi movement. The heroin had been administered by force; none of the four had ever been an addict.

Shortly after midnight on September 12, 1958, three drunken GIs and a tall German showgirl wearing only a tight black skirt reeled toward the Potsdamer Platz border checkpoint—the beginning of the avenue Unter den Linden, then and now in the Russian sector. One GI was carrying a bottle of bourbon. The other two began firing .45's over the heads of East German guards as they came laughing loudly toward the border. A brief exchange of fire between the GIs and the East Germans followed this display. No one was hurt.

But the next morning, every newspaper in East Germany ran a large picture of three drunken GIs and a half-naked German girl. The stories accompanying the bizarre photograph pointed out that such decadent incidents as these might very well set off World War III. The Russians and their East German friends, these stories went on, wanted peace. But the irresponsible Americans cared nothing about peace; they cared only for their usual capitalistic pleasures. What the stories did not point out—and what the reporters probably didn't even know—was that none of the "GIs" was an American. All were German members of the neo-Nazi movement wearing stolen American uniforms.

On December 2, 1960, at a meeting of the general council of the F.D.G.B. *(Freier Deutscher Gewerkschaftsbund*—the Free German Trade Union Federation in East Berlin), a "refugee" from West Berlin, Heinrich Klause, aged 43, testified that he had been "forced" to leave West Berlin with his wife and three children because his wages as a lathe operator at a valve factory in the city had not been sufficient for him to support his family in a decent fashion.

He told how the Americans lied about wages paid in the American sector, how they circulated photographs of a handful of new apartment buildings, while most Germans in the American sector lived among the ruins, in hovels, in utter filth; he went into considerable detail about how the Americans had created a "cardboard front of glitter" behind which lay the misery of an impoverished people who were forced to feed the profits of their labor into the pockets of absentee American capitalists.

This story ran on the front pages of every paper in East Germany. None of the reports bothered to mention the fact Klause was a member in good standing of the former Nazi Party, that his "testimony" had been prepared for him by neo-Nazi agents working hand in glove with East German Intelligence officers in East Germany.

These three incidents were small steps along a carefully constructed road that powerful Nazi fanatics in postwar Germany hoped would eventually lead to World War III. These half-mad followers of Hitler's ghost believed that their only hope of rising to power again was for them to plunge the world into a state of total chaos and then to rise from that chaos as the ultra-nationalists had done once before, following Germany's defeat in the first World War.

Since the end of World War II, the Western powers in Germany had been aware of the slow emergence of a neo-Nazi movement. It began with clandestine meetings

US troops in Berlin were trained to fight riots, if necessary with tear gas, which they used in battling fanatic neo-Nazis.

in cellars, in private homes. It soon became a public matter, with meetings anyone could attend, issuing propaganda booklets and newspapers, holding demonstrations that were frighteningly like those staged by the young Hitler and his raving followers when they were on their way to building the most brutal slaughterhouse the world had ever seen.

British, French and American Intelligence services tried, during these early years of the movement, to keep a constant eye on these Nazi groups. But the leaders of the movement were extremely careful to remain underground, to put up expendable puppets on the platforms to make their speeches for them. While there was considerable surface noise, what Allied authorities feared were the long-range plans they were sure the movement was making—plans, they were certain, that would have much more serious repercussions than speeches and demonstrations.

By extension, these Nazi groups were playing along with the Soviet Union to create a hated caricature of the Americans for the German people—a bizarre situation, since the Reds actually despised the Nazis as much as the Nazis despised them. Each used the other for his own purposes. Besides, the Russian-controlled East German government had plenty of former Nazis willing to do this dirty work for them. What the Russians did not suspect, however. was that the leaders of the Nazi movement had been planning for a long time eventually to double-cross their Russian "allies," to bring about a situation that would plunge both Russia and the United States into a war that neither country wanted.

With the Wall sealing off East Berlin, the danger was growing. In fact, the events described here can only be understood if we consider the strange plight of the beleaguered city. Given the terrific tensions and the virtual state of civil war, almost anything could happen—and did—including violence and murder. In Berlin, nobody can trust anybody else. The city is an ideal playground for secret agents, but it is also a very dangerous playground.

Another factor helped the neo-Nazi cause in the West and East: whatever the suspicions of the Russians, it would be next to impossible for them openly to disavow their East German allies, accuse them of conspiracy and stop it by force.

How serious a situation these Nazi fanatics were creating came to light on the evening of February 3, 1962, when a statuesque blond call girl named Annie Frisch stepped into the apartment of an American officer, Captain Harvey Bates, attached to G-2.

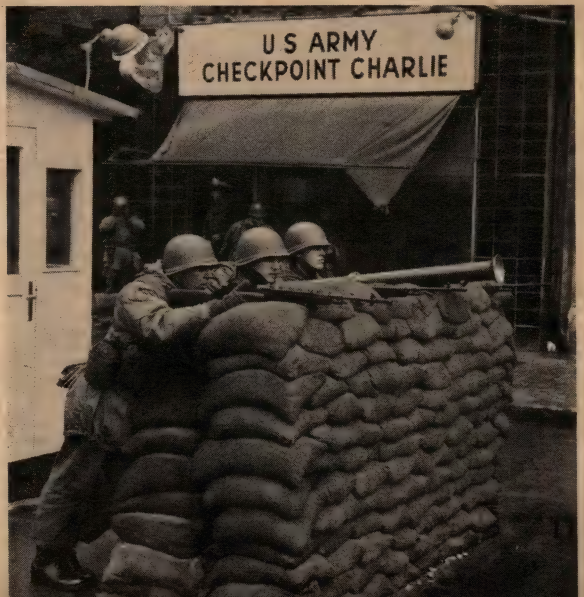
Bates had been assigned to uncovering whatever he could about the new Nazi movement in West Berlin. Within six months he discovered that a powerful group of Nazis were using an extremely expensive bordello in West Berlin as their headquarters and as a front for exchanging information between their own agents and their counterparts in East Germany. He also discovered that the madam of the establishment, a former actress named Erica Priest, 34, had a powerful voice in the movement's decisions.

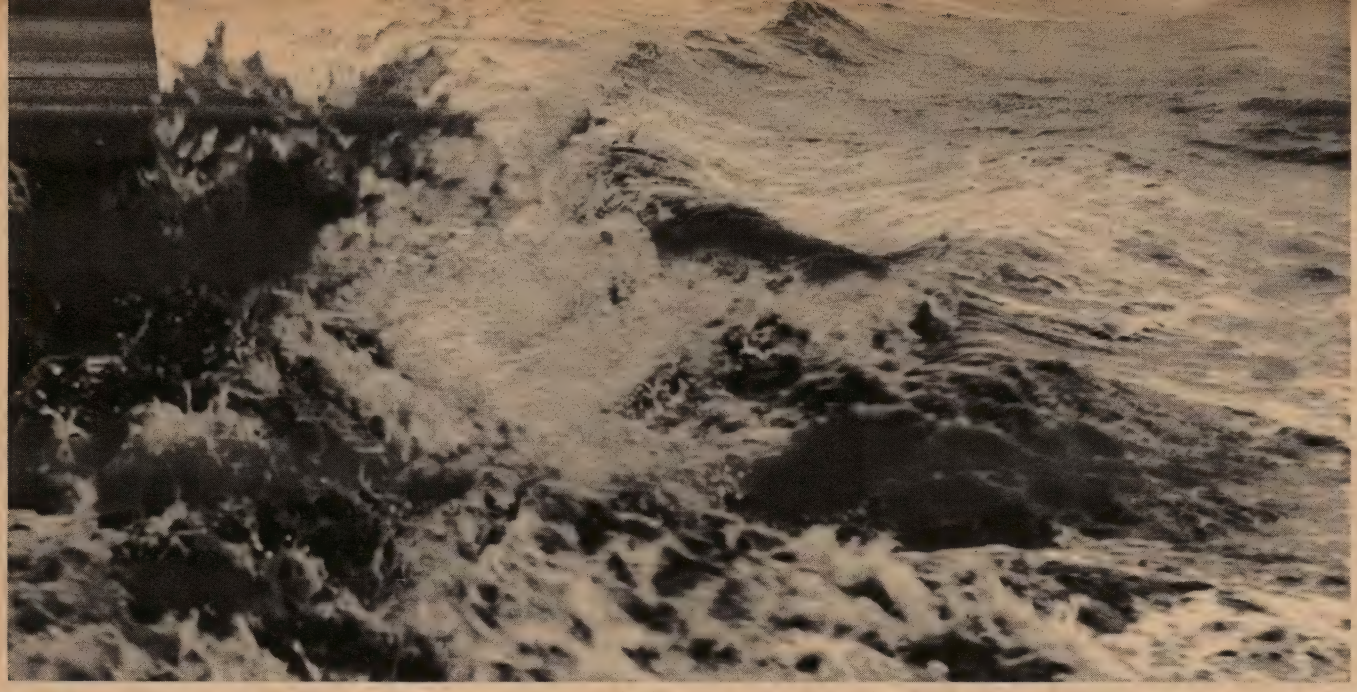
Bates, posing as an air force lieutenant general—only high-ranking officers and other VIPs were admitted to the exclusive bordello—proceeded from the night of his first visit, in November 1961, to establish a "steady" relationship with Annie Frisch. It did not take Bates long to see that this girl would do or say anything for the right price; whatever allegiance she had to any movement could be measured in terms of dollars and cents. Sooner or later she could be *(Continued on page 36)*

Erica Priest's "house," a rendezvous for the conspirators, specialized in high-priced, exotic thrills.

Building of the wall sharpened the East-West conflict and carried Russian tanks direct to the city's border.

On the other side of the fence American soldiers were on permanent alert for any harassment or violations.

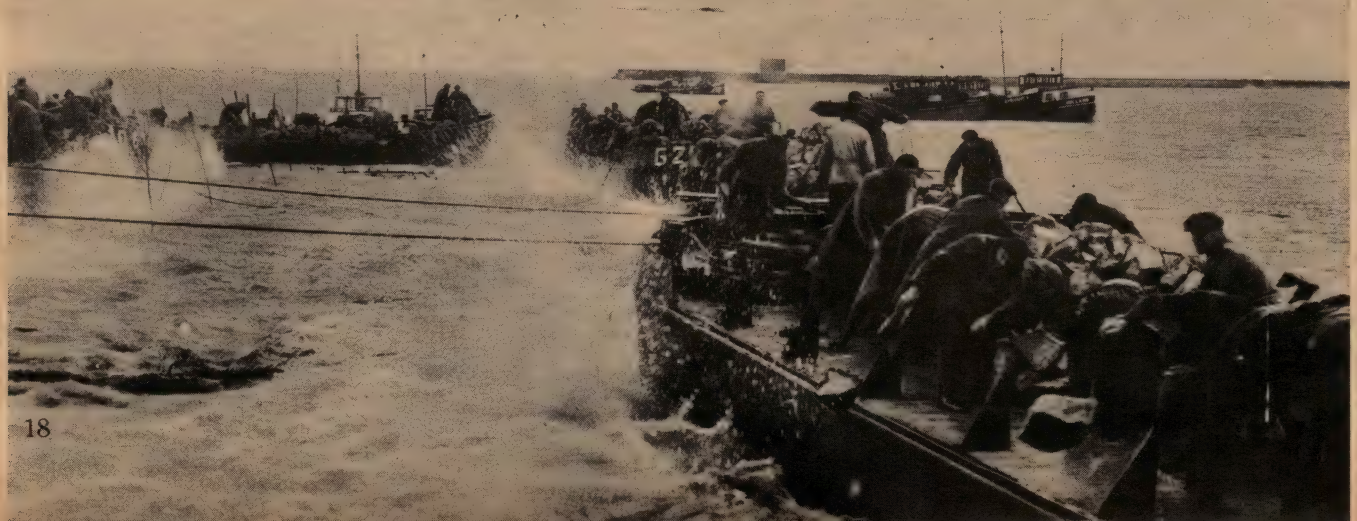


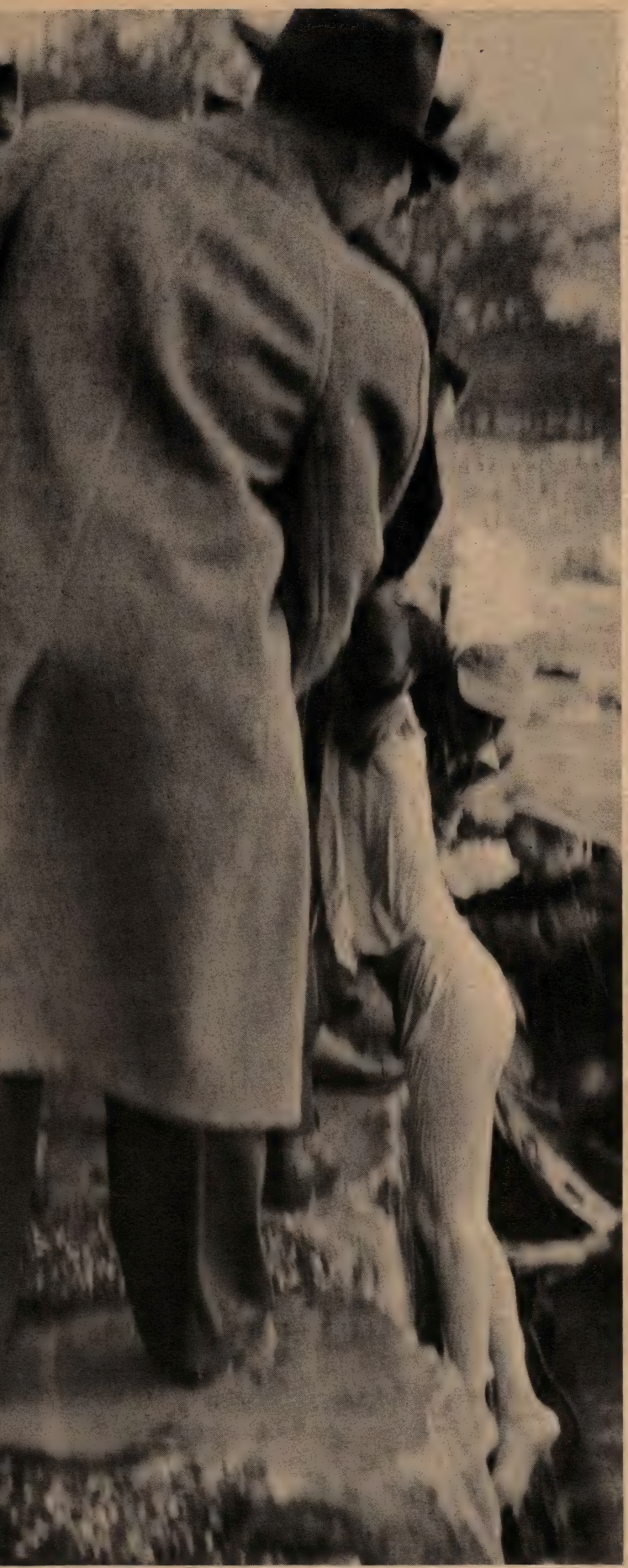


As the tiny Dutch coastal villages slept, a monstrous wall of water, some 600 miles wide, smashed head-on against the shore.

WORLD'S GREATEST SEA RAMPAGE

Dutch volunteers worked around the clock to close the near-invulnerable dikes now ripped apart by the devastating storm.





More dead than alive from cold and exposure, some flood victims were hauled to safety, but 1,800 drowned in disaster.

Roaring in from the Atlantic while Holland was asleep, the 20th century's most catastrophic storm swept over the entire Dutch shore. Within hours the nightmarish deluge crushed all coastal dikes, submerged city after city, and set off a 53-nation S.O.S.

By LEON LAZARUS

On the evening of January 31, 1953, in the Dutch village of Oosterland on the island of Schouwen, Mayor Laurens listened attentively from the rear of the civic auditorium as the village band concluded its scheduled concert. Outside, a steady rain slanted against the building's windows, and the howl of the wind was noticeable when the orchestra muted down for a soft, melodic passage.

The weather had been nasty for days, the North Sea unusually rough, but there was no undue concern. True, the tide level had been rising somewhat menacingly, but there were the stout, stone sea dikes to hold the sea back. At worst, there might be a (*Continued on page* 56)

Rowboats aided in picking up stranded townspeople and transporting them to emergency evacuation centers for treatment.

Military personnel from the U.S. and other NATO countries were rushed in to take part in the crucial evacuation work.

EXPOSING THE NEWEST SEX SCANDAL

AIRBORNE

By GLENN INFIELD

Modern executives have hit on a way of mixing business with pleasure that makes the old on-the-town routine look like a church social. In the company plane, without cops or jealous wives, everyone in the orgy may conk out—except the engines.

VICE GIRLS

● The two businessmen having dinner at the Pittsburgh Hilton watched a slender blonde walk across the dining room with her escort. One of the men, a buyer for a large mid-western chain of retail stores, shook his head slowly. "They shouldn't permit such sights in a public dining room," he said, then grinning, added, "Especially when a man who has been married 25 years is in the city alone."

His companion, sales manager for a nationally known Pittsburgh manufacturing company, placed his martini glass on the table and looked at the buyer. "What would you prefer to do tonight?" *(Continued on page 53)*

The drunken beauty made a determined pitch for the pilot, but he had been warned: "Hands off!"

Art by Charles Copeland

FANTASTIC GI HOAX THAT SMASHED GERMANY'S BIGGEST ATTACK FORCE

They started firing point-blank at the SS officers who were just having their lunch.

Art by Robert Powell

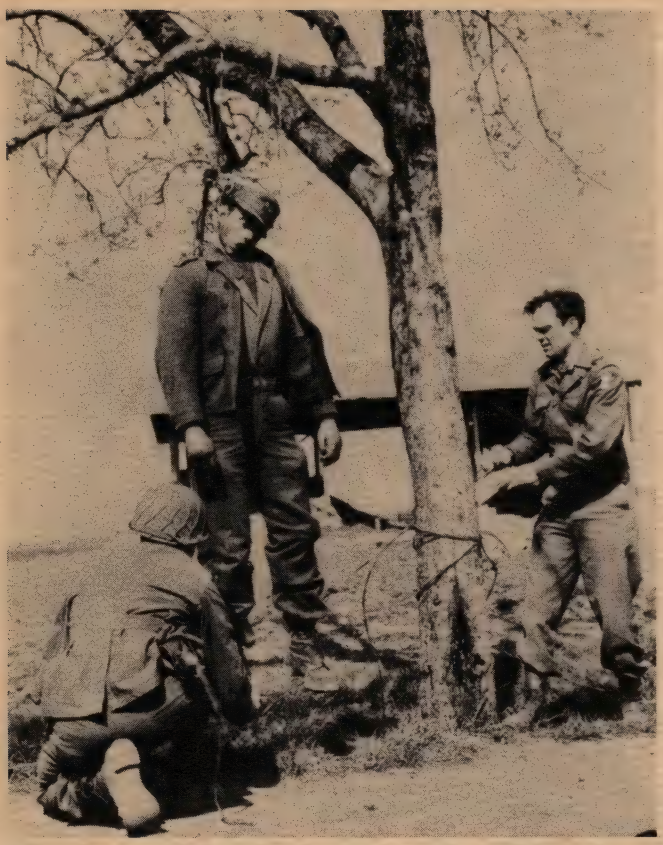
Posing as a French submarine expert who sold out to Hitler, OSS agent Al Richie fooled the Gestapo and Admiral Doenitz to scuttle the Fuehrer's suicide scheme —attacking America's vulnerable east coast. The one hitch came when he had to blast his way out, with the Reich's deadliest naval secret stuck in his pocket.

By ROBERT LAGUARDIA

● The Gestapo lieutenant was very polite. Nevertheless, he had awakened Al Richie at two o'clock that morning. The redhead who had been asleep in the narrow bed with Richie now perched sleepily on a chair while the Gestapo man suggested once more that Richie come down to headquarters with him and have his fingerprints taken. The redhead's light silk wrapper kept yawning open over the cleft of her full breasts as she waited for the conversation to end so she could go back to bed.

Al Richie paid the girl a great deal of attention. It gave him time to think.

PLEASE TURN PAGE



When Richie and his friend saw German deserters dangle from the trees, they stepped up their escape to the Allied front.

Before the Nazi raider could submerge, it was trapped by a pattern of depth charges crippling it in American waters.

FANTASTIC GI HOAX

Richie was here at Sengwarden, command center of Nazi Germany's U-boat arm in 1944, using the identity of a French radar expert and collaborationist who had fallen into the hands of the British and American intelligence services. But Richie's disguise would not withstand a thorough check by the Gestapo. A fingerprint analysis, for example . . .

In the unlocked roll-top desk not three feet away from the Gestapo lieutenant, Richie had the operational plans for the first full-scale raid of a squadron of snorkel boats, the deadly new addition to U-boat warfare that Admiral Doenitz hoped might turn the tide of the war.

Over the past months Richie had, not by intention, become a favored friend of the top security man for Sengwarden, an SS officer named Ernst Weisskopf. He got him on the phone now.

"Listen, I wouldn't mind going along with him," Richie said. "But at 2 A.M.—this is just harassment. I've got a girl here."

"Let me talk to him," Weisskopf fumed.

"He's only doing his duty, I wouldn't want to get him in trouble," Richie said piously before handing over the phone.

The redhead was a secretary from the pool of girls available to "important persons" at Sengwarden. She was very much impressed with Richie after the Gestapo lieutenant was told off by telephone, and she showed her appreciation.

Richie, for his part, realized for the first time that there was a dangerous leak in his own security system . . .

Late in May of 1944, a French scientist of some reputation decided to spend a brief vacation with his wife, sailing a small boat off the coast of Brittany, prior to a new assignment in Germany. The scientist, a radar specialist, did not particularly care whom he worked for so long as he and his family were comfortable. His name was Pierre Marie Bouchard.

Bouchard's handling of his boat was no better than his choice of politics. He lost his mast in a squall and was swept out into the Channel, where a British air-sea rescue team picked him up. British MI-5 and American OSS officers were vastly pleased when they realized whom they had caught.

As soon as the questioning began, a daring idea came up. As it was described to Lieutenant Commander Alton D. Richie, a tall, quiet American in his late 20s assigned to liaison between British and U.S. naval intelligence, the plan was doubly interesting because of his own thorough background in radar and its uses in antisubmarine warfare.

German defensive radar, according to the Allies, was inadequate for tuning in on the microwave signals the British used for hunting down U-boats. The warning set which the Germans did have—a Metox—was developed by the French, and Bouchard, the man in custody now, had much to do with it. If someone who could be taken for Bouchard showed up in Germany, right at Sengwarden where he might be expected anyway, the Germans would welcome him, particularly if he endeared himself by making some small improvement in the sets they now used. This impostor would then relay information on U-boat operations and research developments from a position where, quite literally, he was looking over Admiral Doenitz' shoulder as Doenitz made his decisions.

Of course, such a man would have to resemble Bouchard closely enough to fool any *(Continued on page 60)*

Another U-boat, close to U.S. shores, was detected below the surface and sunk before it had a chance to come up for air. Most crew members of Doenitz' Operation Seawolf went to the bottom. Survivors were picked up and interned for the duration.

REDHEAD ON THE HILL

Playing hide-and-seek with Hollywood's movie greats isn't calculated to get girls into pictures, but with Elaine Stewart it worked: she has producers storming her mountain retreat with first-rate roles.

The lead airship headed across the North Sea for industrial England, constantly thrown off course by turbulent weather.

Air-raid sirens sent Londoners to their shelters, but efficient AA batteries reduced over-all bomb damage to minimum.

By FARRELL and WILBUR CROSS

● Kapitänleutnant Waldemar Kolle paced the dusty floor of the command shack in the great Zeppelin shed at Ahlhorn, Germany. He glanced nervously at his watch. It was exactly 2 A.M. His mouth hungered for the taste of a cigarette. But that was one pleasure denied to members of the Zeppelin Service while on duty, under penalty of death. A single spark could touch off thousands of cubic feet of highly inflammable hydrogen gas used in the bags of the giant cigar-shaped airships.

"Won't that damned 'tree-frog' ever come?" he muttered to himself. (*Continued on page* 47)

FLYING COFFIN TERROR RAID TO BLAST BRITAIN TO HELL

One guttural command, and 11 Super-Zeppelins loaded with death by dynamite—the biggest air armada the world had ever seen — massed to strike at the heart of England. If the "baby-killers" reached their target, they would change the course of W. W. I.

French AA tracers pierced gas bag of Zeppelin L-44, and in seconds it was nothing but a fiery wreck crashing to earth.

★ ★ ★ ★ FINAL

ACTION FOR MEN

★ ★ ★ ★ FINAL

A ROUNDUP OF ITEMS FROM THE NEWSPAPERS OF THE WORLD

REVOLT OF THE HOSTESSES

"B-GIRLS OF THE WORLD — UNITE!"

LONDON—With nightclubs doing a booming business in this city, everybody connected with them is happy—everybody, that is, except the "hostesses," the girls who are supposed to keep the customers happy.

Club owners found themselves with a surprise revolt on their hands when their hostesses announced they were through crying in their watered-down booze and were organizing a union.

Listing a string of grievances—no commissions on drinks they hustle customers to buy; no salary; dependent on customers' tips; no dressing rooms to change in—the girls applied to the Trades Union Council for recognition.

Surprisingly, after the first shock wore off, many of the club owners backed the hostesses' move. As one of their supporters explained, "So many of the places they work in are all very nice up front, but backstage they treat them like pigs."

One owner voiced an objection, but hardly on the usual grounds. He does not think the girls are good union material. He said, "I just can't see them showing up at union meetings."

THE LANDLADY DIDN'T LIKE THE PLOT

BELGRADE — Andejelko Vuletic, a young Yugoslav writer, is out looking for a new apartment. He had a comfortable flat and an understanding landlady who didn't mind the crazy hours he kept pounding a typewriter —until a novella he wrote got published.

What should have been a great day in Andejelko's life turned out to be disastrous. The landlady read the story and promptly ordered the author to pack his bags and git.

The story was all about a young man who murders his landlady.

BACK SEAT HORSE DRIVES MOTORIST TO JAIL

NORTHAMPTON, MASS.—Normally, a state highway patrolman isn't interested in a car's passengers, just the driver, but this was no ordinary passenger: this was a horse.

The equine was stretched out in the back seat, his nose resting comfortably on the driver's shoulder, when the trooper came alongside, ordered the operator to pull over.

Informed what the fuss was all about, the motorist protested. "I often take him for a ride," he said.

As far as the trooper was concerned, it should have been the other way around. He arrested the man for driving a car with his view obstructed.

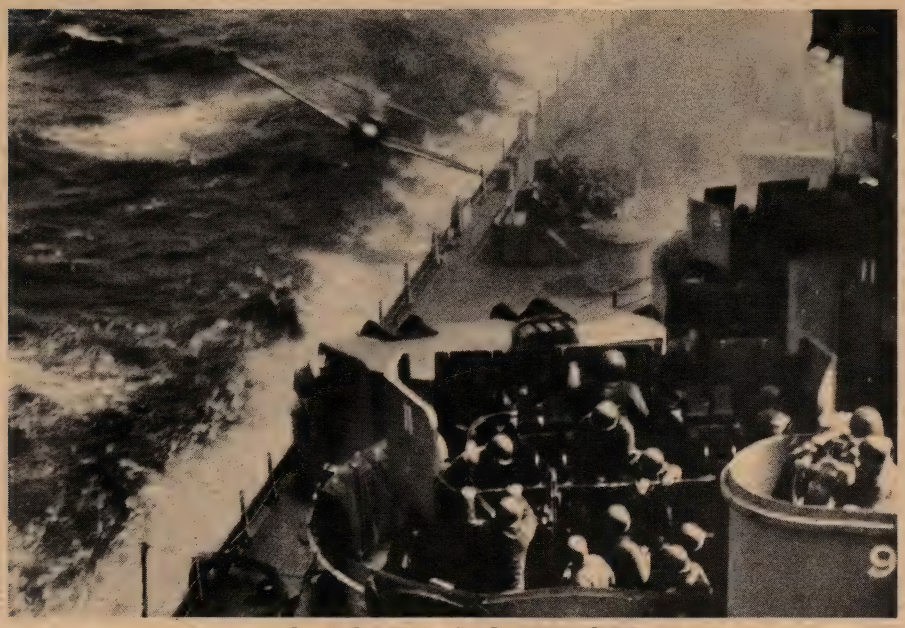
FOR THE RECORD — QUEEN OF SHIMMY IS ALL SHOOK UP

NEW YORK—Belly dancer Little Lorraine Egypt bumped a record company with a law suit for using her name and reputation to promote a record, but not her professional talents.

It seems that Lorraine cut a disc for the company called "How to Belly Dance for Your Husband." It did rather well, so well in fact that the company followed it up with another titled "Little Egypt Presents More: How to Belly Dance for Your Husband." This time though, the queen of the shimmy charged in Supreme Court, the company didn't bother to take her advice along with her name, and even used another girl's picture on the record jacket.

Little Egypt figures she's entitled to a fairer shake than that, say $500,000 worth.

LITTLE LORRAINE EGYPT—BUMPING MAD



SO SORRY—NO ZEROES

DIXIE LOSES ANOTHER BATTLE—TO THE JAPS

MERCEDES, TEXAS—The seven-year-old Confederate Air Force suffered its first defeat—at the hands of the Japanese.

The CAF, 80 men strong and every one a colonel, is dedicated to the "preservation of the world's fighting aircraft." Over the years it has built up a squadron of ten obsolete WW II planes which its weekend pilots—doctors, lawyers, businessmen, farmers—fly at air shows.

Plans were to add a Japanese Zero to the collection, but correspondence with Tokyo brought a disappointing answer: there are no WW II Zeroes left—not in one piece anyway.

With a determination Stonewall Jackson would have been proud of, the CAF refuses to give up:

"We'll have to get pieces and build us one then," said a spokesman for the group, adding quickly, "if we can get the money, that is."

STEWARDESS IN EVERY IGLOO STARTS POLAR-ROUTE BOOM

SONDRESTROM, GREENLAND—Airline stewardesses and stewards here have gone native, or, to be exact, Eskimo.

It's all in the interests of survival. More and more international airliners are taking the shorter polar route to Europe and beyond. That means flying across the Greenland ice cap—a barren 1,200 by 600 mile plateau of nothing but ice and snow. A forced landing here is a forced landing in the middle of a below-zero nowhere. It could take rescuers weeks to reach any survivors.

Like the Boy Scouts, the airlines believe in being prepared. They've set up a crash-training program in Eskimo-style living for their personnel. Before crewmen—and women— can qualify for an over-the-top-of-the-world flight, they must know how to shoot, skin and cook a seal; know how to construct an igloo from ice blocks; know the various ways of keeping warm in arctic temperatures.

Up to now, there's been no mad passenger stampede to get aboard the polar flights. But the prospects of maybe sharing an igloo with a cute stewardess who can bring home the seal are likely to change that fast.

BAKERY BANDIT LEAVES WATCHMAN PIE-EYED

WORCESTER, MASS. — Police responded to an alarm at a bakery company and found the night watchman picking lemon meringue pie out of his hair.

The watchman had been making his rounds when he thought he heard somebody in the company's shipping department. Investigating, he spotted a teen-ager on his way out.

"I grabbed for him and he threw the pie right in my face," the embarrassed guard told grinning cops. "I feel like one of the Three Stooges."

"WANTED — A MAN TO SHOOT MY MISERABLE WIFE"

BIRMINGHAM, ENGLAND—A job-hunter answered an ad in a local newspaper for someone to do something "out of the ordinary." When he found out just how out of the ordinary the job was, he went to the cops.

In court, the 54-year-old prospective employer pleaded guilty to trying to hire someone to shoot his wife. He was put on probation for a year on condition he spend that time wisely —in a mental hospital.

As the judge saw it, the man was living in a sort of fantasy: "If one sets out seriously to get somebody to kill one's wife, one does not advertise . . . in a newspaper."

NORTHERN COMFORT

10 CASTAWAY YEARS

They picked him out of the ocean and let him go on a hot-blooded merry-go-round —

By ALEC RANTZEN
Art by Bruce Minney

● The storm which had swept over the Melanesian islands to the north of the Ellice group had blown itself out after two full days and nights. I was exhausted from the continual vigil at the wheel of my 28-foot sloop *Sharon,* and as soon as the last breath of wind passed over me, I lashed the wheel and fell into a dreamless sleep on the bunk below.

My compass—my only navigational instrument—was not reliable, and all I knew with any degree of certainty

The natives were dragging him to the largest hut in the village where the chief gave him a strange welcome, pistol in hand.

ON LOST HAREM ISLAND

till the day he fought their battle against the Japs in a war he hadn't even heard about

was that I was somewhere north of the Ellice islands, probably in a group of tiny islands, some uninhabited.

Exactly how long I was out to the world I don't know. It was in the late afternoon when I lay down to sleep and now, as a jarring, tearing crash awoke me, it was night. Waves were crashing over the sloop at intervals of about half a minute and she was breaking up fast as I stood bewildered on the deck not knowing what to do. I had struck a reef.

Dead ahead of me I could just make out an enormous black mass rising sheer from the sea, but even as I saw

PLEASE TURN PAGE

it the end came with stunning speed. The forward part of the sloop slid into the sea while the stern, to which I was clinging, slid away on the opposite side of the reef. I found myself struggling in the icy water.

I felt around in the dark for anything to cling to. A minute or two later my right hand collided with a sharp-edged reef. I pushed back as a wave forced me forward, then, with my left hand, I felt for the reef and allowed myself to come slowly up to it. I clung to it with both hands, just keeping my head above water.

In between waves I groped upwards and found that the reef extended about three feet above the water. I began dragging myself up. It was some time before I realized that the tide was coming in and the water was creeping up to my shoulders.

I remember telling myself what a damn fool I was ever to have set out on this crazy venture, but it was a choice between getting out of Northern Ireland or going to jail for maybe six months or a year.

It began in April of 1934 when the small fishing business which I operated failed. The reason for its failure was bad debts. Things were tough in Ireland, money scarce, and while I gave my debtors every chance to pull themselves straight, my creditors gave me no chance at all.

In addition, I was framed by their lawyer, and in my rage beat the man into insensibility. That finished it for me. I had to get away. Without family ties, I could do as I pleased. I went down to my sloop, and started thinking things out.

The sloop was fueled for a trip I had hoped to make the next day— fueled on credit!—and I had on board fresh water and enough food to last me at least four or five days.

I waited only until the sun was down. Then I started the motor and put out into the Irish Sea and by nightfall I was heading for the Bay of Biscay. I messed about on the Spanish coast for a month and then set sail for the Canary Islands and southward to the Cape of Good Hope and into the Indian Ocean, relying on my sails and the wind for my passage and more often than not on what fish I could catch for food. I had few problems for the fish were plentiful, rain fell regularly and my days were pleasantly free from worry until I entered the Indian Ocean.

I avoided contact with busy harbors and kept to a route not used by mail vessels. Nor was I going to answer

In their conquest of the Pacific, the Japanese occupied one island after another till, in '43, they hit Rantzen's hideout.

any questions put by harbor authorities: where I had come from, where my sailing papers were and where I was going. I was free and that was all that mattered. I put in at remote islands for water and fruit and food and one day, about ten months after I left Ireland, I entered the Pacific and headed for the Phoenix group of islands where I hoped to stock up food and water for a run to the Hawaiian islands and perhaps on to San Francisco.

The storm struck me two days out from Gardner Island.

I clung to the reef throughout the night. When the tide reached its maximum the water was up to my neck. I could not stand up because I would have been washed away. Dawn found me half frozen, sick and ready to give up and die. As the day brightened I saw the black mass of the island stretching about three-quarters of a mile away, with a broiling surf between my reef and it.

The water was receding and my reef was almost uncovered when the sun rose and began to dry me out. I rose when the water was just about knee deep and tried to study the island to see if there were any sign of life, but I saw none.

I knew I could not survive another night but I was not quite ready to give up and then, as I closed my eyes against the glare of the sun on the sea, I heard the shout. For a moment I thought my eyes were deceiving me as I looked round and saw the large canoe with about a dozen jet-black, crinkly-haired warriors aboard.

I rose wearily and waved a hand, and as the canoe touched my reef and hands reached out for me, I collapsed into the canoe. When I tried to wipe the sweat from my face I realized my hands were tied behind my back.

Some savages were moving about among the huts surrounding me and there were crinkly-haired black women, naked except for sharks' teeth stuck in their hair and a small G-string-like slip tied round their waists to hang in front of the groin.

One of the men saw that I was conscious and shouted to some others. About six of them half dragged and half carried me across a kind of square between the huts to an immense hut on stilts from which a middle-aged man appeared. It was several seconds before I realized that the man was white, although suntanned until he was almost nut-brown.

He said something to me I did not understand. It sounded like German. I said *(Continued on page 64)*

The Japs established a radio shack, but the natives burned it down at night and wiped out the enemy patrol to the last man.

Call-Doll Frauleins

Continued from page 17

paid off, made to talk, serve as a funnel of information for American authorities. Still, the officer remained on his guard.

She came around more quickly than Bates expected. On his fourth visit to Erica Priest's bordello, Annie Frisch herself suggested that she visit him in his own apartment.

"A girl wants a bed she can call home," she told Bates. "And since you please me . . ."

And Bates found, to his surprise, that the hardened call girl had fallen for him. She liked a lot of money, but she liked the officer even better. Annie Frisch was also afraid—afraid of the future, her own future—and her love and her fear combined to make her a genuine ally.

On the evening of February 3rd, Annie Frisch appeared at Bates' apartment at No. 16 Rathenauer Strasse earlier than usual. But, very much as usual, she came in wearing her white trenchcoat, black silk stockings and spike-heeled patent leather pumps; it was all she ever wore when she ventured out of her bordello.

"I hate dressing up," she explained to Bates the first time she appeared at his place in this "costume." "It's such a waste of time. Besides, it amuses me to think how very shocked all the proper little people would be if they knew I was walking around the streets like this."

Annie Frisch was a beautiful blonde with slender, long legs, the most perfect bosom Bates had ever seen, and fiery green eyes. She had a voluptuous mouth that always looked as if she had just finished kissing a man for hours.

After Bates had fixed a bourbon and soda for the girl, Annie Frisch looked up at him and said, "If you make very excellent love to me tonight, I'll tell you something *really* important." She sounded half teasing, half afraid.

She had, from the beginning, played it all like a game. Intuitively, she had known what Bates really wanted and the second night she spent in his apartment, she came out with it frankly. "If you want me to spy for you, then just name a decent price."

"I don't know what you're talking about, my dear," he said calmly.

"But you do, darling, you do. And besides, I'd probably give you some information anyway, because, frankly, I'm scared."

He acted surprised. "Why on earth should you be scared? That plush bordello of yours seems about the safest place in Berlin."

"That's what you think. But I have a feeling that those clients of ours are cooking up something, and it's bad business. I wouldn't trust that Erica Priest any farther than I can kick her. But I do trust you."

"I won't let anything happen to you, honey," Bates found himself saying rather tenderly. He liked this mixed-up girl who was obviously trying to do him a favor, and who seemed to smell trouble. The next time they met, she put no price on her body.

The information that Annie Frisch gave to Bates on that particular night concerned a former SS colonel by name of Gunther Lubek. Annie said that he was one of the top men in the movement. And last night, as he often did, he had requested Annie's presence in Erica Priest's rooms. Lubek, now 53, was a huge, fierce man who always drank and made love with the irrational sad fury of a man who has to constantly prove he can drink, prove he can make love. He spent most of his time with Erica Priest, but on the nights when he wanted two women with him, he always called for Annie Frisch. And on that night, in his drunkenness, he began boasting in bed to the two women how finally the ultra-nationalists had decided to make their big move, a move they were certain would force either the Americans or the Russians to take the fatal step that would set off World War III.

—What this move was, however, Annie Frisch did not know.

"I tried to get him talking," she told Bates. "But the big bastard just laughed and drank until he finally passed out on the floor the way he always does."

"Did he say *when* they were going to make this move?" Bates asked the girl.

She shook her head. "But it sounded as if it would be very soon," she said. "And I'm frightened."

"Can you find out when?" he asked her.

"There's no telling when he'll ask for me again," she said. "At his age, he doesn't go for that sort of thing too often any more. Maybe once or twice a month."

"Then who *would* know?"

Annie Frisch shrugged her naked shoulders. "I guess Erica would know," she said. "I've told you she's one of the big wigs. But she'd never spill anything. Hell, I think she believes she is going to be a female Goering or something when these guys get into power. God help us all. Whatever it is, you must try to stop it!"

The following morning, when Bates reported this information to his superiors at American G-2 headquarters in West Berlin, he was given an assignment that surprised him and, in the bargain, seemed just a little this side of the impossible to him.

The assignment: to kidnap Erica Priest from her bordello and bring her to a private residence on the outskirts of the city where they would be able to question her. First, they did not want to take the chance of picking up any of the smaller fry who might not know enough to do them any good and whose questioning would only alert the Nazis. Second, they wanted to make it look as if she had left the bordello on her own volition, if possible, so as not to arouse any suspicion. This would give them more time to do whatever would have to be done—depending on how much information they would be able to get out of her.

"It is understood," his superior said to Bates, "that you're not to slip any chloral hydrate into the woman's drink, if she does drink, and I'm pretty sure she does. With a Mickey Finn under her belt, it will take us forever to bring her around, and we haven't got all the time in the world."

"I suppose all I have to do is ask her for a walk around the block and she'll follow me like a lamb," the captain said mockingly.

The superior growled. "We're not interested in details. All we want you to do is to get the job done, with a minimum of commotion. Of course, if you run into a snag and there has to be some violence, well . . . people are rubbed out every day in this crazy city, for the flimsiest reasons. We can't afford to be squeamish."

"I get your point," Bates said, and left.

Erica Priest's bordello had the look of an expensive mansion; it seemed built by a man with a million dollars who spends much more than he has to spend to show other people he *has* a million dollars. It was not in too bad taste, not exactly ostentatious: it was just that Erica Priest knew she catered to powerful brutes, not to powerful men of taste, and these powerful brutes wanted to know they were spending both their money and passion in properly rich surroundings.

The rugs were a little too thick, the gilt frames on all the paintings a little on the gaudy side. There were vases of fresh flowers in every room, mirrors on the bedroom walls and on some of the ceilings too—"in the Paris style," as the madam often explained to her guests.

But Erica Priest herself was one of those fine-boned beauties who improve with age and at 45 are usually far more attractive than they were at 20. What her house lacked in refinement, Erica Priest more than made up for in natural elegance.

She had large, gray eyes, ash-blond hair that she wore piled high on top of her head and a body that seemed to have been carved by a very skilled, but slightly pornographic sculptor. She spoke in a deep, slow voice and sometimes would sing a song or two in the parlor, accompanying herself on the grand piano. Her favorites were such songs as *"Wer wird denn weinen"* ("Who'd Want To Cry Again"), *"Mein blondes Baby"* ("My Blond Baby") and the old Marlene Dietrich hit, *"Ich bin von Kopf bis Fuss auf Liebe eingestellt"* ("Falling In Love Again").

Erica Priest was not downstairs when Bates entered the bordello on the night of February 4th. He asked the maid, Helga, if he could speak to Erica. But the maid told him her mistress was not planning to come down tonight. Bates

(Continued on page 38)

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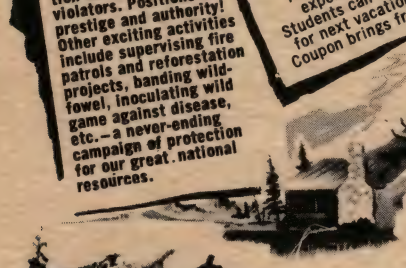

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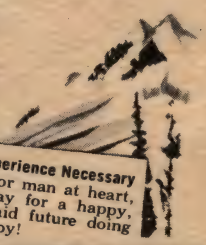

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(Continued from page 36)

wrote a brief note, handed it to the maid, and told her to give it to Frau Priest.

Ten minutes later, the maid returned to the parlor and told Bates Frau Priest would see him in a half-hour.

As per instructions he had received, Bates had offered Erica Priest 300 dollars if she would spend the night with him. It was an exorbitant fee even for this overpriced establishment, but Annie Frisch had told him that no matter how much Erica Priest took in on any given night, she never turned down an extremely large offer herself.

"You see, she was a very poor actress," Annie Frisch told Bates. "And in the beginning, when she was only 18 or 19, they say she worked in the store windows of Hamburg. She's never been able to forget that humiliation—having to sit half-naked in a store window until some man picked her out like a cheap trinket. I suppose she can't resist these large fees—even being as powerful as she is in the movement. All this money seems to assure her that she never really belonged in those Hamburg window. You know how it is with a beautiful woman who'll never really believe she is beautiful."

When Bates was finally shown up to Erica Priest's rooms, the elegant madam was waiting for him, dressed in a white satin gown that was slit high enough on the right side to reveal her excellent thigh.

"You surprise me, General," she said as she handed Bates a glass of '39 Piper Heidsieck and draped herself on the pink sofa beside him. "I did not think such a young and handsome man would pay so much for a woman."

"For *you*," Bates said, lifting the glass so the words became a toast.

Erica Priest smiled graciously, touched his glass and they drank. "Even though I do not believe you, still I am glad you put it that way," she said.

"Money, I've discovered, is one of the vastly unimportant things in life," Bates said. "In ten or fifteen years, I'll have no memory at all of 300 dollars. It can be spent in so many ways that a man would never remember. But in 20 years, I'll remember this night."

"I hope you will," Erica Priest said. She leaned over and kissed Bates gently on the mouth. "There is much to be done between a man and a woman that neither of them will ever forget—if it is done with beauty and, well, you know what I mean. . . ."

Bates laughed and she joined in his laughter.

Bates kept the talk going at this frivolous level, making sure all the while that her glass was filled. He knew it would be a fight all the way uphill trying to get this experienced woman drunk, but he had to play every long shot in the books on this night.

After an hour's drinking, they both seemed pleasantly high. They played at kissing and embracing on the long sofa. She was an artist at her profession. Bates could see this. Under different circumstances he would have found it enchanting. She was obviously building the passion of the evening as carefully as an architect might construct a minor cathedral.

A while later Bates suggested that they leave the bordello and go to his apartment. She kissed him, shook her head, put a finger on his lips and said, "A rule, a hard and fast rule, my young darling—I never make love except in my own bed. After all . . ." She laughed, kissed him lightly on the neck. "A woman must draw the line *somewhere*."

They continued in this bantering manner. She drank as much as Bates poured into her glass. But she did not seem to be getting drunk. She asked him several times if he wanted to go into her bedroom. But Bates pretended that he preferred to go on with this prelude to love a while longer. And when he said this, she smiled up at him and said, "Perhaps I've grown so accustomed to older men who have the money to afford me that I've forgotten how wonderfully long a night can be for a *young* man."

By one in the morning, there was no further restraining Erica Priest. Apparently her drunkenness took on the guise of completely forgetting that *she* was being paid to entertain *him*, and she began to suggest ways in which he could entertain *her*.

By that time, however, Bates could see that there would be no persuading her out of the house. He had been given instructions what to do in this eventuality and so he stood up and said, "Time for bed now." And when she rose, smiling from the sofa, Harvey Bates heaved a brief sigh of regret and with one short, efficient right to Erica Priest's lovely jaw, he knocked her unconscious. He did not like to manhandle women, particularly beautiful women.

He found an evening wrap for her in one of the large bedroom closets, slipped it around her shoulders, then propped her against him and, carrying her in this manner, he proceeded out of the room, down the empty hallway, reeling just enough to make it seem that they both were drunk and had decided to go out for some fresh air. Bates even muttered to her and laughed softly, as if in reply to something she had said.

On his way down, he saw no one, heard no one.

But just as he reached the foot of the curving staircase, he saw her two guards in the parlor. He knew she employed these guards, but he had never seen them. Business was apparently over for the night and they had come out of the woodwork to relax over brandies before turning in. This was the kind of snag Bates had feared, but could not have prevented even if he had known beforehand.

Bates prayed to himself as he lugged Erica Priest past the wide doorway. He got by the guards, had his hand on the front door, when one of them came out into the foyer and said in German, "Is there anything we can do for you before we go to our quarters?"

Bates turned the doorknob and started for the street. When the guard received no answer from his employer, he came quickly to the door. "Frau Priest?" he asked.

"Going bye-bye," Bates said in a thick, drunken voice.

"Frau Priest . . ." Then he came at Bates and shouted to his confederate. Bates dropped Erica Priest onto the stone steps in front of the house. The guard landed a glancing blow to his head. Bates stumbled back. The second guard came running out, pulled a black switchblade knife as soon as he saw what was happening.

"American pig!" the first guard muttered in English.

Bates dived for his legs, caught him

(Continued on page 40)

"Did it ever occur to you that I might like a night out bowling with the boys, too?"

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MASON SHOE MFG. CO., Dept. F-148 Chippewa Falls, Wisc.

(Continued from page 38)

perfectly at the ankles. The guard fell over backward, striking his head on the stone stoop. The second guard swung at Bates with the knife. Bates reached up, caught the wrist in time, wrenched the guard off his feet with a judo hold, yanking the knife out of his hand at the same time.

The first guard, groggy from the fall, got up, jumped on Bates' back. Bates swung the knife low. The blade entered the guard's stomach. He gasped and let go of Bates. The German turned, went stumbling back into the house, moaning, leaving a trail of blood behind him. Then he collapsed.

The second guard meanwhile had recovered his balance, and just as Bates turned back to him, he lunged at the American and stupidly ran himself onto the knife, grabbing the handle with both hands, his flesh shuddering around the blade. A strangled cry came from his thick lips as Bates pulled him back inside the doorway. Then he shoved him on the floor of the foyer so the guard fell face down, the knife deep inside him—and he was dead.

It was a narrow escape, and Bates was lucky that the guards had had no fire arms. Still, he now had two dead men on his hand, blood all over the place, and no explanation if anyone came to ask questions. But this was no time to worry about the niceties of self-defense; the two guards had been no good anyway. This was indeed the cold war, complete with murder, and his mission was more important than the lives of these Nazi guards.

Bates did some quick thinking. He picked up Erica Priest and carried her back inside the house. He placed her on the floor near the door. It took him less than five minutes to drag the guards into the parlor where he dumped both bodies on a settee. He pulled the knife free and droppd it on a table, next to a bottle of schnapps he found. Let the Nazis figure out who killed whom, and why. They wouldn't be looking for his fingerprints, and Bates knew that the Berlin police was on his side anyway.

Picking Erica Priest's body up again, he did not bother staggering along with her on his arm as he had done before. He carried her out of the house and hurried around the corner where a car was waiting for him.

Ten minutes later, Captain Harvey Bates brought Erica Priest into a drab looking two-story house located on the road to the Gatow airport.

Three American G-2 officers and a medical corps major were waiting for Bates. Off in the corner of the room, in a brown armchair, sat a round-faced brunette, Hannah Mann, 28, a German civilian employee for the American Army in West Berlin.

Major Tim Danish revived Erica Priest with a few wiffs of smelling salts.

As soon as she opened her eyes, saw where she was and who was standing around her, she began cursing in German, then in English. She tried to get up. Colonel Peter Filbert gently pushed her back into her chair.

"We don't want to make this any tougher than it has to be," Filbert said. He was a small man, balding, with a soft kind face. "You probably know why you're here, Frau Priest. I'm afraid we have no choice in the matter, but in one way or another we've got to get a bit of information from you."

The door opened. A towering, dark-faced man in his early 40s entered. He was Captain Felix Mather of the West Berlin police.

"You've no right to hold me here," Erica Priest said. "And you know it."

"We know who your people are and we know that they're planning a move that's apt to cause a considerable amount of trouble around here," Filbert said. "We intend to prevent that trouble."

"I know nothing," she said.

"We're not prepared to act legally in this matter," Mather said in a gruff, slow voice. "When you play with the Devil, you have to play according to his rules if you want to win."

"You can't get away with this," she hissed. "It'll be all over the papers. A kidnaping . . . my guards . . . murdered perhaps . . ."

"*I* handle the papers," Mather said. "It wouldn't be the first time a killing was hushed by, particularly when it is committed by *your* people."

"You pigs . . ." She started to get up, but Mather pushed her back into the chair. Bates watched the whole scene. He also saw the dirty look she gave him, and he could not entirely blame her.

"Now this young lady . . ." Mather pointed to the girl seated in the corner. "I must warn you, Frau Priest. "Your people murdered her parents, two of her brothers. All died under horrifying circumstances. Being a woman, surely you know what another woman is capable of. Now will you tell us . . ."

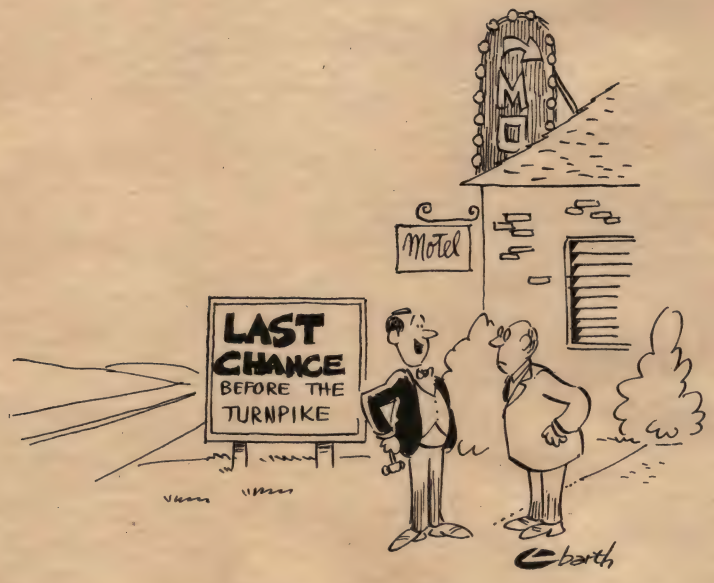
Erica Priest spat up into Mather's face. The big German merely grinned at her futile display of temper. "Very well then," he said. He turned to the girl in the corner and nodded. She stood up.

Hannah Mann loomed over Erica Priest for several moments in silence. The madam glanced nervously around the room. "I'll have to call my lawyers," she said. Then she smiled and said, "But then I do not think I will even need them." The smile hovered loosely around her mouth as she glanced from one side to the other. "You forget, gentlemen—we Germans have always known that the Americans loathe behaving like barbarians. We were proud to be barbarians. But you Americans—you must always be the very clean gentlemen." With this, she relaxed in her chair.

Hearing this, Colonel Filbert approached the elegant madam who looked only a little the worse for wear. He smiled at her. "When it's vital for us to make a person talk, we Americans can be barbarians too," he said. He turned and nodded to a sergeant who had come in and was standing in front of a half-opened door leading to another room. "Perhaps you would like to see what type of gentlemen we Americans are," Filbert said to Erica Priest. "Come along." He extended a hand to her. She got up slowly and followed Filbert into the other room.

Erica Priest stopped short in the doorway. Filbert could feel her hand trembling in his. He could also see her trying desperately to hide the terror in her eyes.

Tied to a chair in the middle of the small room was a middle-aged man, stripped to the waist. He was unconscious. His hairy chest was covered with blood. There were deep knife gashes on his right cheek. His left hand was bound in a finger vise—the sort that the Gestapo had often used during the war to make their prisoners talk.



"Why not! They do it at gas stations."

(Continued on page 42)

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Amount you want reserved for you $ ..... If loan made date payment will be in office each month ..... Age .....

Occupation ..... Amount earned per month $ .....

Company I work for ..... Address of employer .....

How long with present employer ..... Former employer .....

Address of former employer ..... How long employed .....

Wife (or husband's) occupation ..... Monthly Salary $ .....

Amt. you owe on auto $ ..... Amt. you pay each month on auto $ .....

To whom are auto payments made (Name) ..... Town .....

Bank you deal with ..... Town .....

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$ ..... to (Name) ..... (Add.) .....

Pay rent or real estate payment to? (Name) ..... Town .....

Purpose of loan .....

The following are all the debts that I have:

Full Amount I Still Owe	Paying Per Mo.	To Whom Owing	Address
$	$		
$	$		

FILE INFORMATION ONLY—Please list below relative information for our confidential files

Name of Relative ..... (Relationship) .....
Street ..... Town ..... State ..... Occup .....

Name of Relative ..... (Relationship) .....
Street ..... Town ..... State ..... Occup .....

Name of Relative ..... (Relationship) .....
Street ..... Town ..... State ..... Occup .....

Name of Relative ..... (Relationship) .....
Street ..... Town ..... State ..... Occup .....

The above statements are made for the purpose of securing a loan. I agree that if any loan be completed, the U.S. Mail shall be regarded as my agent.

Sign Full Name Here ..... Street Address .....

Town ..... County ..... State .....

Loan Agreement (MAIL WITH APPLICATION)

IN CONSIDERATION of a loan made by DIAL FINANCE COMPANY of Colorado, (herein called "DIAL") the undersigned promise to pay to DIAL at its office in Denver, Colorado, the Amount of Loan shown in line checked (√) at right with charges indicated below until fully paid. Amount of Loan and charges is payable in consecutive Monthly Payments as indicated at right beginning on the First Payment Due Date indicated below, and continuing on the same day of each succeeding month to and including the Final Payment Due Date indicated below. The final payment shall be equal in any case to the unpaid principal and charges. Payment in advance may be made in any amount.

The agreed rate of charge is 3% per month on that part of the unpaid principal balance not exceeding $300, 1 ½% per month on any part thereof exceeding $300 but not exceeding $500, and 1% per month on any part thereof in excess of $500; computed on the basis of the number of days actually elapsed, a month being a calendar month and the rate of charge for each day being 1/30 of the monthly rate.

DIAL is licensed by the State of Colorado under the Colorado Consumer Finance Act, and it is agreed the validity and construction of this Agreement shall be determined under and by virtue of the laws of Colorado. This Agreement is subject to acceptance by DIAL at its office and will be promptly returned to undersigned if loan is not approved. In the event of any default, DIAL may, without notice, render the unpaid balance due and payable.

To secure the repayment of the Amount of Loan, the undersigned hereby grant and convey to DIAL certain items marked (X) located at the address of the undersigned, which are to remain in the possession of the undersigned. This conveyance shall be void when the Amount of Loan is paid in full, but otherwise to remain in full force and effect.

Unless otherwise indicated below, DIAL is requested to provide reducing term credit life insurance on the life of one of the undersigned in an amount to cover the unpaid indebtedness hereunder. Premium is to be deducted from amount of this loan. Such insurance is not required in order to obtain this loan.

If no insurance is desired, check this box ☐

ITEMS OF SECURITY

Borrower should "X" items to be considered security

☐ Living Room Furniture	☐ Vacuum Cleaner	☐ Sewing Machine
☐ Dining Room Furniture	☐ Television Set	☐ Washing Machine
☐ Bedroom Furniture	☐ Piano	☐ Refrigerator
☐ Radio	☐ Heating Stove	☐ Deep Freeze
☐ Rugs	☐ Kitchen Stove	☐ Dryer

DATE OF THIS AGREEMENT	FIRST PAYMENT DUE DATE	FINAL PAYMENT DUE DATE

PERSONAL SIGNATURES REQUIRED — SIGN HERE _____ SIGN HERE _____

IF MARRIED, BOTH HUSBAND AND WIFE MUST PERSONALLY SIGN

SELECT and √ YOUR LOAN HERE . . . Amount of loan is total amount desired including present balance, if any.

Check the Amount You Want √	24 Monthly Payments	
	Amount of Loan	Monthly Payment
	$ 100	$ 5.90
	200	11.80
	400	23.27
	500	28.54
	600	33.64
	30 Monthly	Payments
	$ 800	$36.89
	860	39.31
	900	40.91
	960	43.30
	1000	44.89

AMOUNT OF LOAN	MO. PMT.
$	$ ..... X ..... Mos.

Use above spaces for loan amounts or terms not covered by examples.

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(Continued from page 40)

"We'll wake him up in a few minutes," Filbert told Erica Priest. "He's a very stubborn man. But sooner or later he'll realize that talking is easier than screaming. You see, he works for our East German and Russian friends and we believe he can also give us information concerning a certain move that's to be made pretty soon. What you fail to realize, Madame, is that we are perfectly willing to tear the skin off a dozen men if it will save the lives of thousands, perhaps millions. It makes for a very moral arithmetic—even for Americans."

Turning back to the sergeant, Filbert said, "Let the German girl start on her." He let go of Erica Priest's hand. The sergeant took her arm, steered her back toward the other room. "If Fräulein Mann gets nothing out of her within 15 minutes, then you work on her yourself, Davis."

Before Erica Priest was out of the room, however, Filbert said, "Wake up the stubborn bastard. We've got to get something out of him—and fast."

A lieutenant threw a bucketful of water into the face of the unconscious man. He woke with a start and began moaning and mumbling in Russian. Then the door was closed behind Erica Priest.

The sergeant pushed her down into the chair again, turned to Hannah Mann and said, "She's yours for 15 minutes."

"I won't need any more than that," Hannah Mann said. She started toward Erica Priest, and slowly lit a cigarette. She began singeing a few strands of the blonde's hair and a whisp of smoke curled up in the air.

"Don't touch me, you bitch!" Erica yelled.

"You won't need that hair where you're going," Hannah said. "But wait, I've got a better idea."

She took a small piece of barbed wire from her pocket. "Your eyes," she said dispassionately. "What about your eyes? And that skin of yours?"

Just as Hannah Mann lifted the wire and began to bring it down toward the madam's face, Erica Priest cried out in a panic, began sobbing hysterically and muttered, "Oh God! Oh no! Please . . . no . . . my face . . ."

As Erica Priest began telling her story to Filbert, Captain Mather and the others, the "unconscious man" in the other room was washing the "blood" and "cuts" from his face and hands and body. His name: G-2 Lieutenant George Hanley.

The story Erica Priest told them quickly justified all their fears.

In three days, she explained, more than 100 members of the Nazi movement in West Berlin were going to launch an all-out attack at two of the border checkpoints. They would be dressed in American uniforms. They would use American weapons. The Russians would have no alternative but to believe the Americans were starting a conflict—the beginning of World War III.

"And your Russian buddies know nothing about this?" Filbert asked her once he recovered from his surprise.

Erica Priest shook her head. "We used them in the same way they used us," she said. "Now our only use for them is to die for us, as *your* men will die for us. When the dying is over, then it will be time for us. It doesn't really matter that I've told you all this. You won't be able to stop us. As soon as they discover that I'm gone . . ."

Filbert waited no longer. He phoned G-2 headquarters and ordered every man to report for duty immediately. Mather phoned West Berlin police headquarters and issued the same order.

"We've a long list of their people," Filbert told Mather. Then, turning to Bates, he said, "Get hold of Annie Frisch. She'll be able to lead us to some of them, I'm sure." Turning back to Erica Priest, he said, "Now you, Miss . . . we want names . . . and we want them fast!"

Within 45 minutes — between Filbert's further questioning of Erica Priest and Bates' phone call to Annie Frisch—they had a list of close to 50 names and addresses. Filbert placed Bates in charge of the field action. He would remain at American Intelligence headquarters and direct the over-all operation. Mather, meanwhile, assigned 60 of his men to the eastern end of the city while Colonel Gunther Ludlow of West Germany's Federal Intelligence Service placed 35 of his men at Filbert's disposal.

Filbert, Bates and everyone else knew that what they had to do had to be done within a matter of hours, at the very most. As soon as the bodies of the two guards at Erica Priest's establishment were discovered, the Nazis would begin to put their plan into operation. Filbert even now worked on the assumption that the bodies had already been found.

What with time running out, it occurred to Captain Bates that there was only one way of stopping this whole lunacy, and even that might not work. He turned to Filbert.

"We've got to get in touch with the Russians at Karlshorst somehow," he said. "To warn them that there will be trouble, and that we have nothing to do with it. And to hold their fire, no matter what happens."

"You know as well as I do," Filbert said, "that the Reds are a suspicious lot. Telephone communications being what they are in this burg, it's almost impossible to get through to them anyway, except perhaps for the commander of all our troops here. But even if we do get through, do you really think they will believe this crazy plot?"

"They may, and they may not, but it's worth trying. We've got nothing to lose. Meanwhile we'll do the best we can, under the worst possible circumstances."

That's how Bates, together with six American GIs, pulled up in front of Gunther Lubek's house at No. 12 Bundesallee shortly after 3 A.M. The former SS colonel was in the middle of dressing when Bates and his men broke into the two-story house. The guards *had* been discovered.

Lubek had on his shirt and was pulling on his trousers when Bates charged into his bedroom. The bull-like ex-colonel grabbed for a Luger that lay on the table beside his bed, but Bates was on top of

(Continued on page 44)

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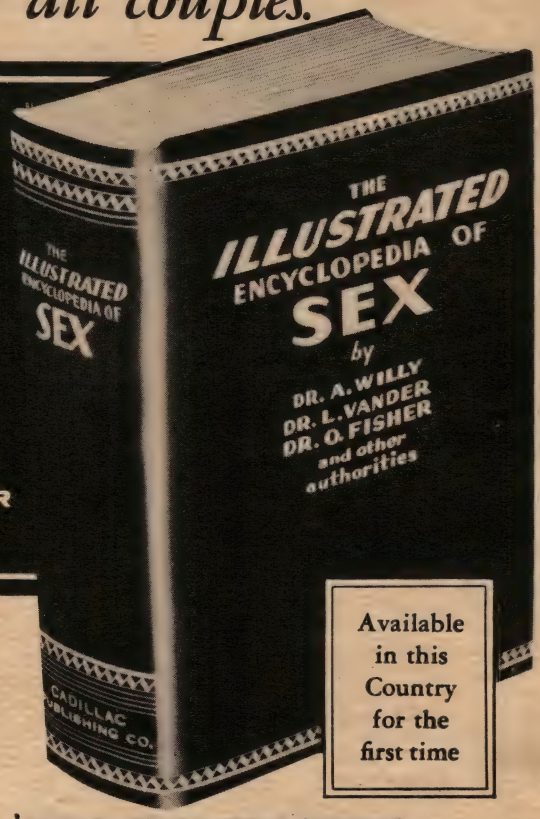

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(Continued from page 42)

him before his hand reached the gun. The two men toppled to the floor. Three GIs came racing in as Lubek pounded a vicious right into Bates' stomach, knocking the wind out of him. Bates smashed a left to Lubek's face, bringing blood to his nose. But before another blow could be struck by either man, the GIs had Lubek up on his feet, his trousers on the floor around his ankles, his burly arms pinned behind him.

Bates got up. "Your arsenal," he muttered, catching his breath. "Where the hell are your guns? Come on!"

Lubek grinned slowly, but remained silent.

"No time for the rules now," Bates said. And with this he landed a sweeping right to the side of Lubek's jaw. Two teeth fell from the man's mouth and he groaned loudly.

"You talk, you bastard . . ."

When Lubek remained silent, Bates struck him again, a third time. Lubek slumped to his knees with these blows. His face was bloody, one eye swelling up.

"Talk . . ."

Lubek shook his head.

Bates lifted him to his feet. Lubek swung his leg into Bates' groin, but the American ducked out of the way, caught Lubek with a combination of a left and two rights to the jaw that sent the German reeling backward until he struck a wall and fell over onto his bloody face.

Bates lifted him to his feet. "Grab an arm," he said to one of the GIs. They dragged him downstairs into their car. The driver turned and said, "Where to?"

"You heard him," Bates said to Lubek.

The German was silent, but only a moment. Then he said, "Brunnenstrasse . . . 29 . . ."

The driver stepped on the gas. The large Mercedes sedan pulled swiftly from the curb. In less than three minutes they were in front of a drab-looking brown frame house.

Bates handcuffed Lubek and tied his ankles, left him in the back seat as he led the others up the front steps, .45 in hand, two of the GIs armed with Thompsons.

But they had not even reached the top step when a burst of machine-gun fire from inside the house cut down two of the GIs. Bates and the others dived for cover in front of the porch, crawling in close to the house so they could not be seen from any of the windows.

"Charlie!" Bates turned to the GI corporal next to him. "You stay here. I'll get a call through to Filbert. As long as we've got this bottled up, they won't be getting anything much out of it."

Bates turned, crawled ten yards toward the side of the house, then got to his feet and ran in a low crouch toward the hedge that surrounded the house. He took off in a leap to clear the hedge just as a machine gun began firing at him from the house. Bullets tore up the ground on both sides of the hedge, but they missed Bates as he went zigzagging down the dark street, ducking into the first alley he came to, dashing out into the street that ran behind that row of frame houses.

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MEN

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Bates got to a phone by banging loudly on the door of some house until an elderly man, dressed in a long white nightshirt, came to the door, opened it and watched with utter amazement as Bates ran past him to the phone in the living room.

In less than ten minutes, two trucks of GIs pulled up in front of No. 29 Brunnenstrasse. Thirty-five GIs surrounded the house and began tossing tear-gas bombs through the windows until, some 20 minutes later, 12 of Lubek's once-proud Nazi conquerors laid down their guns and came, weeping, out the front door with their hands over their heads.

When the arsenal was later inspected by American and German authorities, they found enough American weapons and ammunition to supply at least a regimental company. They also found crates of American uniforms.

This capture of the Nazi arsenal was, however, far from the end of the job that had to be done.

Filbert, for one, was certain the Nazis would have more than one arsenal. And even if they didn't, their men still had time to mount their border attack.

At 4:30 A.M., seven of Mather's West Berlin policemen smashed down the door of a house in Steglitz. Inside, as yet unarmed, they found 14 members of the Nazi movement who were gathering there before taking off for the now captured arsenal where they would be armed and given American uniforms.

At approximately the same time, five of Filbert's men, under Lieutenant Arthur Fields, pulled up at a warehouse that was located on a dirt road off the main Spandau highway out of Berlin. As the headlights of their staff car cut through the dark in front of the building, there was a burst of machine-gun fire. Fields steered the car off the road. It went bumping wildly over rough broken ground until he jammed the brakes on just behind two oak trees and the five men piled out and found quick cover just as the gun found them again. Bullets clattered all around them in a kind of lunatic stammer. Fields directed his men to surround the warehouse as best they could.

"Word's apparently out," Fields said. "God knows how many of them are in there."

He said no more. There was a loud blast. The Germans had a rapid-fire cannon in the doorway of the building. The blast scattered Fields' body all over the place. One of the other men had his right arm torn off.

The three remaining men of the group retreated down the hill, circled around in back of the warehouse and from that position began heaving grenades through open windows.

The first grenades brought screams from inside the warehouse. Seconds later, machine guns were blasting at them.

They ran off to the right side, heaved another round of grenades, then kept going down the hill, heaving grenades every few yards so that the Germans would think there were more of them there than there actually were.

They continued doing this for more than an hour. They were able, in this

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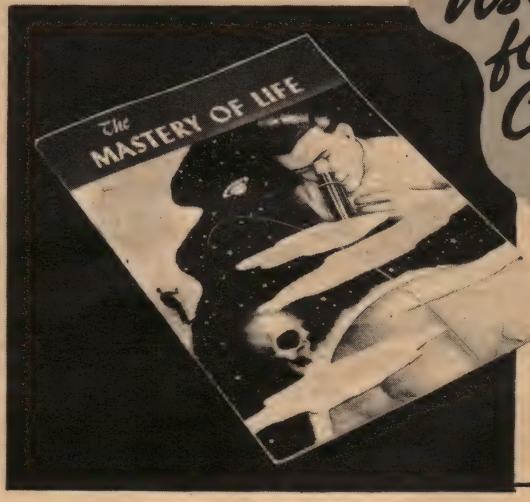

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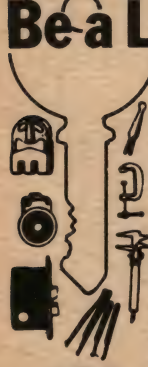

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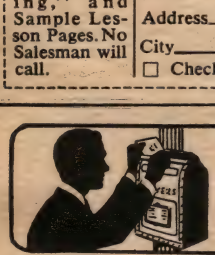

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way, to tie up more than 20 Germans in the warehouse, and shortly before dawn two more staff cars pulled up the dirt road and by 7 A.M., 14 surviving Germans came walking slowly out of the building, arms raised over their heads.

West Berlin, throughout that night, was a wild hive of activity. Police and US Army cars combed deserted streets of the city while others raided houses, stores, two theatres, a Greek restaurant, a nursery school—all either meeting places or residences of members of the Nazi movement in West Berlin.

As it turned out, the final action of this nightmare was to fall to Captain Harvey Bates.

Following the capture of the main arsenal at No. 29 Brunnenstrasse, Bates set out with seven men in an American Army staff car for Lindenstrasse. This was one of the addresses that had been given to him by Erica Priest earlier that evening. A former Gestapo major, Joseph Kretschmar, lived there. Kretschmar was one of three men who were to lead the "American attack" on the Russian border guards.

When Bates and his men pulled up in front of the three-storied brick building, he saw lights in back of the house and even before he had a chance to get out of the car, he heard motors start up—one, then another, and a third.

Bates started up the engine of the staff car and shouted, "Get out!" as he did. Seven GIs jumped out of the car. Bates pulled it quickly into the narrow driveway, blocking it completely, then leaped out and ran for cover with the others.

Seconds later, a black open truck churned heavily up the driveway and rammed Bates' car, knocking it over. There were shouts from behind the house. The truck pulled back, its fenders smashed in so that they scraped against the front tires. Then the truck came on again, faster this time.

"Open up!" Bates shouted to his men. They began firing at the truck. A Mauser machine gun opened up suddenly from behind them, from the small garden in front of the house. One of Bates' men screamed and fell over dead into the dirt as the truck rammed the staff car, this time knocking it off the driveway.

Bates fired twice at the cab of the truck, heard a low moan with the second shot. The truck stood still in the middle of the driveway, blocking it far better than the staff car had done.

Two of Bates' men heaved grenades at the machine gun that had opened up on them, and silenced it. They ran to the far side of the house, caught two Germans running down the end of the garden with another Mauser. Before they could set it down and fire, the two GIs shot them down.

Bates caught another German crawling down the driveway to get to the truck. He fired twice. One bullet pierced the German's skull. He died without a sound, his fingers barely inches from the rear wheels of the huge truck. Silence followed.

Bates turned. "Anybody hurt?" he asked.

"Lukas got it," a voice said out of the dark.

"Conners—you and Davis watch that end of the house," Bates said.

Bates crawled across the open garden, took one of the two Mausers that Conners and Davis had captured. He lugged it back to his original position beside the driveway.

Then there was a sudden burst of machine-gun fire at the far end of the house. Just as Bates turned to see what was happening, he saw about 15 GIs running down the alley toward him. It took him a few seconds to realize what was happening: these were not Americans, but Nazis dressed as Americans.

"Fire on the bastards!" Bates shouted.

They all opened fire on the charging Germans. But, while they got 6 of the 15, the other 9 ran past them and on down Lindenstrasse, heading toward the border that was less than 200 yards away.

Bates got up and shouted, "Come on!" He went running after the Germans who were obviously out to shoot up the East German and Russian guards as soon as they got close enough to see them. Bates was praying that the Russians had been warned in time.

Bates ran as fast as he could with the heavy machine gun. When he had gone less than 50 yards, he knew he would not be able to catch up with the Germans before they reached the border. He set the gun down in the middle of the street and began firing at the ragged line they made in the dark ahead of him.

He saw two fall at the first blast. He heard them firing. He knew they were firing at the border guards, not at him now.

Bates closed his finger on the trigger, held it there as he slowly swung the barrel from side to side. He heard a shrill scream. He saw three of them fall, then a fourth. Then he heard a blast of machine-gun fire ahead of the Germans. He thought at first it was the Russians. But in the silence that followed, he knew it had not been the Russians.

Five of the border searchlights suddenly turned the avenue into a glaring graveyard. Bates saw the nine remaining Germans sprawled across the street. American soldiers had been tipped off to finish a rough job. American guards were running up the avenue from their end of the checkpoint. Behind the searchlights, like actors off-stage and waiting to come on, he saw a dozen Russians in uniform. All had guns in their hands. All were peering inquisitively across the border. But none had fired a shot. They knew the score after all. And none had been hit. The nightmare was over.

Bates later learned at G-2 headquarters that more than 90 Nazis had been either picked up or killed that night. Three arsenals had been discovered. All but two of the top Nazi leaders in West Berlin were captured that night. One, Leo Heinkel, aged 48, was captured two days later hiding in a shack nine miles outside of Berlin. The second, a former Luftwaffe captain, is still at large.

Erica Priest's establishment was closed for the duration, and the Americans found a job for Annie Frisch. No, she has no access to classified information. As Captain Bates put it, "A nice German girl, but let's face it . . . once a Kraut, always a Kraut." ■

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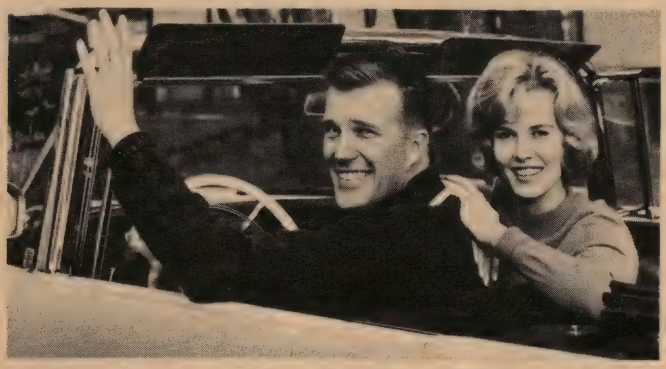

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Flying-Coffin Terror Raid

Continued from page 28

"Tree-frog" was the nickname for the meteorologist, whose weather report would carry more weight in launching an air raid than the decisions of the High Command itself.

Kolle finally managed to fall into a fitful sleep. Just after dawn he was awakened by the sound of the Maybach engines.

"Kapitän," his petty officer-navigator was striding briskly toward him, "it looks like this is the day. We have just received standby orders."

"Good." Kolle looked up at the awesome mass of his ship, the *L-45*. "Have Karl check out engines at once."

"Yes sir."

Now the Zeppelin shed was bedlam, as one engine after another coughed into motion.

Kolle walked out of the great shed into the comparative stillness of the outside dawn. It was October 19, 1917, and the air drifting down from the North Sea, some 50 miles away, was cold and heavy. Kolle did not like the feel of it. For weeks, the wind and weather had been so bad that the Zeppelins had hardly moved from their sheds. But now the air was too quiet—not normal for October.

Kolle did not have long to reflect on this subject. There was too much to do. He checked the handling parties, the men who would soon load ammunition and bombs from the underground dumps, who would hose in water for the ballast tanks, and who would then have the ticklish job of easing the Zeppelin out of the shed during those critical moments before she could be controlled by engine power.

At 9 A.M., the final weather report came through. "Tree-frog" had given his blessing. This was no great consolation, however. Kolle knew that Germany's most westerly weather station was Bruges, Belgium. Far to the north and west of this check point, the weather could be almost anything. At 10:30, Kolle was called to the phone, on the double. It was Fregattenkapitän Peter Strasser, the intense, cold-eyed little man with the toothbrush mustache and goatee, who had relentlessly hammered the Zeppelin Service into being, despite cries of "baby-killer" by the British and French and over the bitter objections of his own countrymen.

"You will lead off the flight, Kolle," said the steely voice at the other end of the line. "Ascent at 12 o'clock sharp. Target: middle England. Further weather reports will be transmitted at five in the afternoon, nine in the evening. Present conditions, good. Wind calculations to follow in the usual sequence. Push right on into the interior, Kolle. Good luck."

Every Zeppelin commander knew what "middle England" meant: the industrial centers of Hull, York, Leeds, Sheffield, Manchester and other vital war production areas.

Once again, the great shed at Ahlhorn was alive with action. Kolle swung himself up into the pilot gondola forward. Slowly the big Zeppelin eased out of the shed. Some 500 yards out, the idling motors were clutched in. Propellers in *L-45's* five 210-HP engines began to spin.

"Stand by for ascent!" shouted Kolle. The bow and stern cars were released, and the big airship began to rise into the somber sky.

Kolle glanced at his watch. It was exactly 12 o'clock noon. "Due north," he ordered the navigator. "Our first bearing is Helgoland."

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In similar sheds at Nordholz and at Oldenburg to the north of Ahlhorn, the same take-offs were being prepared as 13 "Super-Zeppelins" got ready for the greatest mass air raid ever undertaken. Two of the Zeppelins never left their hangars because of cross winds, but 11 became successfully air-borne. Each one was about 650 feet in length, with a capacity of some 1,943,000 cubic feet, a weight of 25 to 28 tons and enough gasoline to operate all five engines for 22 hours. The crews consisted of two officers, two petty officers (one navigator, one observer), ten mechanics, a sailmaker, an electrician, and eight other ranks.

Each Zep was loaded with almost three tons of explosives, ranging from small incendiaries and 25-pounders to 650-pound bombs.

Since the Zeppelin Service was an elite corps formed of hand-picked men, most crew members were trained to perform three or four specialized duties with equal facility. Whatever the criticism leveled by the Allies against the "baby killers," there can be no question that the courage of Zeppelin crews was of the highest order.

Aboard the *L-49,* as it headed westward across the North Sea, Kapitänleutnant Hans Gayer ordered his ship up to 12,000 feet, the prearranged cruising altitude. Around mid-afternoon, he began to notice a change in the performance of his ship.

"The wind has increased," reported the navigator. "It was 15 knots, northwest. Now I make it about 30 knots, and swinging more from the north."

The ship continued to rise into a darkening sky. Through the sighting telescopes, the captain identified other Zeppelins. The closest was *L-50,* Kapitänleutnant Schwonder. All were still rising. None appeared to be having difficulty, despite the increase in the wind.

"Land ahead!" Just before 6 P.M., the warning cry rang out on all 11 of the raiders.

"Up bow. Rudders steady. Engines full. Ascend to 16,000," was Gayer's order. Coming in over enemy territory, it was necessary to reach at least 16,000 feet to avoid antiaircraft fire. And there could be no doubt that by now either coastal observers, or the weird listening "ears" of the British defense system had detected the approach of the raiders.

"Oxygen!" The command was telegraphed to all posts. The compartments were fitted with tubes and mouthpieces, from which crew members could take pulls of oxygen as the Zeppelin rose into the thin air.

As the great mass of the bag carried the pilot gondola up like an elevator, Hans Gayer's sensitive ears suddenly detected a disturbing sound. At the same instant, the telegraph bell rang. "Engine number three. Reporting breakdown."

"Goddamn!" Gayer pounded his fists. It was bitterly cold at a 15,000-foot altitude. The Maybachs had never been fully modified to cope with extremes of cold. Gayer could expect near-disaster by the time he tried to reach 18,000 to avoid searchlights, or even more to outclimb some of the latest British fighter planes.

As dusk began to fall, Gayer could see that *L-49* had fallen far to the rear of the fleet, creaking and groaning in the heavy winds.

Schwonder, on *L-50,* was having similar troubles. He had climbed to almost 19,000 feet, to run in over Norfolk. One engine had failed already, and another was starting to miss. He did not know it at the time, but the mechanics in the second engine were almost unconscious from altitude sickness—an occupational hazard among Zeppelin men.

Schwonder peered out of the gondola into the blackness below. Trying to push an airship that could make only 60 knots to begin with into the teeth of a 40-knot wind was a frustrating process. But he decided to fight for Norfolk, now only a matter of minutes away.

This was Schwonder's first error. When he finally dropped his payload of 30 bombs, they exploded harmlessly in open country. His next error was to be more costly.

When Kapitänleutnant Waldemar Kolle brought the *L-45* in over the Yorkshire coast of England at 8:20 P.M. the night of October 19, 1917, he was already in trouble. Most of the crew members were groggy from altitude sickness. And when Kolle risked bringing the airship down to 15,000 feet, he was suddenly jumped by a patrol of British fighter planes. He managed, however, to shake all but one.

"Here she comes! Directly below! About 14,000 feet."

The attacker was a Sopwith Camel, of a type specially fitted by the British for night flying, and capable of downing an airship by firing incendiary-loaded Lewis guns at the inflammable bag. Kolle now ordered ballast dropped so that the ship would climb fast. In the darkness, his men could pick out the tiny plane sporadically. But every man aboard knew

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that the pilot could spot the huge bulk of *L-45*.

"Drop petrol tank—number four!" Kolle shouted at the chief engineer. He had more than enough gasoline for the return trip. The Super-Zeppelins were designed to cruise at 20,000 feet when necessary.

Just as Kolle thought they were safe, he heard a sudden roar above the sound of his own engines. The Zeppelin's tail gun chattered hysterically. From somewhere out in the darkness there came an answering burst. Now the British pilot could not miss.

Then, inexplicably, the sound of machine-gun fire stopped. As it turned out later, the pilot had jammed his guns. *L-45* was, for the moment, out of danger.

But the Zeppelin was way off course. At 10:50 P.M., mistaking some ground lights for a factory at Oxford, Kolle dropped five 100-pounders and nine incendiaries. What he actually hit was a section of railway line near Northampton and a small cottage, where the Zeppelins re-established their reputation as "baby-killers" by blasting into eternity a mother and two children.

Headwinds prevented most of the airships from reaching their destination on October 19th; cross winds warped the 650-foot lengths of fabric until the framework groaned and shuddered; fitful gusts tore at the broad tail fins and made bomb-dropping not only inaccurate, but dangerous to the Zeps themselves.

By 11 P.M., northern England was being swept by winds of gale force, with gusts up to 70 miles an hour.

To the south, in London, however, the air was strangely calm. By 7:30 P.M., Lieutenant Colonel A. Rawlinson, British Home Guard, had received a report from his east coast observation posts that "ten or more" German Zeppelins had reached the coast.

"If ten baby-killers have sneaked in," he bellowed at his communication officer about 8:30 that night, "where in hell are they?"

Two or three listening posts had reported the approach of unidentified aircraft. Then, as quickly as they picked up the sounds, they would lose them again. During the next hour, the situation became even more confused when several Home Defense commanders in the Midlands reported exploding bombs near their stations, *but no sounds of aircraft engines at all.*

"My God!" gasped Rawlinson. "We're being given a new treatment by those bloody Huns—*a silent raid!*"

He sent out instructions to all posts "to cover lights and keep all searchlights out." He knew what could happen if a number of the raiders used the lights to judge their positions and speeds and zeroed in on London.

What Colonel Rawlinson and other British officers overlooked was that the "silent raid" was muted by factors other than shutting off the engines. The freak winds completely blotted out the roar of engines racing at full speed in order to maintain maneuverability.

Around 10 P.M., as the air raid alarms shrieked through the London streets, the population all but froze in horror. The night was charged with excruciating suspense and terror as people cowered in their inadequate basements or improvised bomb shelters. Above them, they pictured a fleet of lethal black monsters, each one waiting for a single guttural command that would all but wipe out London.

London had nothing to fear from most of the Zeppelins, characterized by the difficulties that beset *L-49*. After Captain Hans Gayer began having engine trouble, he had to give up the bombing attempt and return to base. Between 8 and 9 P.M., he released a number of bombs (one killed three horses) at what he mistook for an airfield. By then he was in so much trouble that he had to jettison the rest of his payload and head for Belgium. But by 10:30, he had drifted far south, to the Straits of Dover, with no hope of beating a course eastward to safety.

"Where are we?" he repeatedly asked his navigator.

"I don't know, sir." *L-49* was enveloped in swirling winds of unknown velocity. There was neither star above nor light below to get any bearing on. And no one knew it more unpleasantly than the rear gunner, as he hunched in frozen misery in a makeshift cockpit at the extreme tip of the pointed tail.

At ten minutes before midnight, unknown to anyone aboard, *L-49* floundered

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over the French coast near Cape Gris-Nez—far from the friendly soil her crew imagined lay below.

Captain Kolle, fighting the same weather in *L-45*, would not have been much better off than *L-49*—but for a stroke of luck. Shortly after the futile bombing at Northampton, his observer reported that he had sighted a major railway line, headed in the direction the airship was drifting with increasing speed.

"I think we're headed straight for London," he announced.

Kolle decided that the observer was right. London had not been an objective for any of the Zeppelins that night. But if fortune was going to force his hand, the commander was willing to play the cards accordingly.

By 11:15, *L-45* reached the northwestern corner of the city. She was making a good 70 knots, mostly driven by the wind. So strong was the gale now that the airship could not have changed course more than a few degrees, and even then only at the risk of breaking in half. Perhaps the most remarkable aspect of the bombing run was that, although the observer was not even able to locate such outstanding landmarks as the Thames river, all the remaining bombs in *L-45's* racks hit strategic parts of London.

The first bombs fell at Hendon, near the airfield; the next struck railway sidings at Cricklewood; and several plunged right into the heart of the city, at Piccadilly. Although casualties were light (36 killed and 55 wounded) and damage was moderate, in comparison with World War II air raids, the psychological factor was tremendous. (Strategically, Zeppelin raids tied up half a million men and vast quantities of war materiel in England.)

Within ten minutes, the *L-45's* moment of glory was over. Then she too was being driven toward the channel at a furious pace, fighting for her life. For almost an hour, Kolle tried to beat his way eastward, toward Germany. But it was no use.

"Heave all ballast!" Captain Kolle jettisoned his last drop of water in an attempt to rise above the winds. The cries of "Oxygen!" rang out, as *L-45* bucked and yawed her way up to 20,000 feet. One engine went dead, its cooling system frozen. The others began missing. Height sickness accomplished what the enemy had not been able to do, as men lapsed into unconsciousness, vomited or started bleeding from the nose, ears and mouth.

By 3 A.M., Kolle knew he couldn't reach Germany. Dawn found her about 40 miles east of Paris, deep in the heart of enemy territory.

"The best we can do is to head for Switzerland," said Kolle, after conferring with his lieutenant and navigator. He would far rather be interned in neutral territory than captured by the French.

Just after dawn there was a moment of intense excitement when one of the men in the forward gondola shouted "Airships! Airships!"

At first it was thought that he meant fighter planes. But then Kolle saw them—two other Zeppelins far to the east, almost invisible in the haze. They were *L-49* and *L-50*.

"Don't go away, baby. I'll be in as soon as I find the damn doorway to this saloon."

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By remarkable skill and good fortune, 7 of the 11 Zeppelins managed to return to German-held territory, if not to their own bases, during that fateful Saturday, October 20, 1917. All of them had narrow escapes.

None of the seven airships had inflicted any real damage on the enemy. Less than 20 people were killed or wounded; a few homes were destroyed; and military damage barely equaled the cost of the bombs dropped.

The other four airships, all in serious trouble by dawn of the 20th, were for a time within sight of each other. Aboard *L-49,* as soon as the sky lightened, Kapitänleutnant Hans Gayer sighted *L-44* and *L-50* ahead of him as he cruised southeast.

"Set the same course," he ordered the navigator. "I think they must have gotten a proper fix and know their position."

For the first time in many hours, Gayer managed to breathe easily. *L-49* slid lower, to 3,500 feet. The three engines still functioning settled into a comfortable purr. It would be great, thought Gayer, to settle down in a comfortable chair at the Officer's Club in Wittmundhaven, with a steaming pot of coffee and a plate of sweet rolls.

"Good God, Hans! What's the matter?" Gayer was shocked out of his reverie by the ragged voice of his first officer. "We can't be over German soil after all!"

Gayer peered shakily through the forward ports at the two Zeppelins ahead. The lead airship, *L-44,* was in trouble. Puffs of black smoke dotted the early morning sky all around her.

"AA fire!" said Gayer limply. "Heave every ounce of ballast we've got!" He turned, almost with fury, to the operator at the elevator wheel. "Up, man! Up!" The chief engineer tried to coax more power from his mechanics. Speed could also help plane the ship upward.

L-44 could be seen in the distance trying the same tactics. But she did not stand a chance. It was 6:15 A.M. when she came within range of the French AA battery. Kapitänleutnant Stabbert changed direction by 90° on four different occasions, and managed to zigzag his ship up to about 17,000 feet. By then the French had the range. An AA tracer pierced the after bag gas. Within five seconds the airship was nothing but a fiery shape in the sky. She faltered for a moment, then broke sickeningly in two and plummeted to earth.

L-49, having herself reached about 18,000 feet, now tried to backtrack and head away from the danger. She could see *L-50* taking the same course. Neither airship was able to fight the wind, however, and both headed south—ironically (and without knowing it) toward the very Swiss border that Kolle on *L-45* had vainly been trying to reach.

Captain Roderich Schwonder, of the *L-50,* paralleling Gayer's mistake in thinking that *L-44* was leading them over friendly territory, rapidly tried to rectify his error (his second major navigational error of the flight).

He had only two good engines left, and very little gasoline. "Take her down to cloud cover," he ordered. He would have to risk poking through the mists to try to take observations.

All morning long, *L-50* wandered in circles. No familiar landmarks were sighted. Then, at about noon on the 20th, the observer aft sighted something through the mists — something that set his heart pounding.

"A Zeppelin!" he said excitedly into the telephone to the control cabin.

"At what altitude?" asked Schwonder, instantly suspicious after having almost blindly followed *L-44* to a fiery death.

"No altitude, sir," came the hoarse reply. "She's on the ground. It's an airship base."

Schwonder eased *L-50* down to 1,500 feet until he found a break in the clouds. The observer was right. It was a Zep, quietly resting in a field. "Oldenburg," said the navigator.

It was enough to satisfy Captain Schwonder. He had had his fill of Zeppelin flight for 24 hours without respite. "Break out emergency landing pennants," he ordered. But, even as the 650-foot monster started down, Kapitänleutnant Schwonder was committing his third, and most costly, error.

About one hour after seeing *L-44* crash in flames, Captain Hans Gayer on *L-49* was himself looking into the jaws of death, this time in the guise of Escadrille No. 152, a flight of five Nieuports. It was over Neufchateau, where Gayer had de-

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scended to 10,000 feet in an attempt to thaw his fast-freezing engines.

When the Germans sighted the French squadron, known as "The Crocodiles," they managed to reach 17,000 feet before being fired upon from a distance of some 600 yards. Then it became apparent what the Frenchmen's objective was: they were out for a capture.

With the vision of the flaming *L-44* fresh in mind, Hans Gayer called it quits. "Prepare to land," he ordered, to the relief of the weak, exhausted and badly demoralized crew. Even in his moment of defeat, however, Gayer went over plans with his lieutenant and navigator for firing the ship upon landing.

"One well-aimed incendiary bullet will suffice," he said, handing the warrant officer his pistol, as the airship settled.

Gayer was not to be so fortunate. *L-49's* landing was on very poor ground, which caused a delay. The warrant officer had only two chances to destroy the ship —and somehow missed both.

L-49 was captured intact.

It was this Zeppelin, on the ground, which lured Schwonder and *L-50* down toward the ground. At the last minute, when only about 500 feet up, and heading a half mile away from the *L-49's* position, Schwonder noticed two of the French planes.

"Take her up!" he cried. "We're in enemy country!"

It was too late. Outside the little town of Donmartin, the airship's bow unexpectedly tilted downward at an angle of 20 degrees.

"Standby to crash!"

The commander barely had the words out of his mouth when there was a ripping, splintering sound as the car was torn completely away from the bag and settled, twisted and broken, into the undergrowth. Schwonder and seven of his men, though dazed and bleeding, automatically pried themselves loose and ran. They expected the hydrogen to go up in flames at any moment. Eight other men left the ship after the moment of impact.

Two men in the rear gondola did not make it, possibly because they had been knocked out. These men, along with two others stationed along the catwalk inside the bag, were suddenly carried aloft again as the airship, now greatly lightened, rose into the winds and disappeared over the Mediterranean coast. Neither the Zep nor its four occupants were seen again.

The 16 men who had jumped free at the crash all survived and were captured.

Kapitänleutnant Waldemar Kolle was in the unenviable position of having an expensive grandstand seat for the events the morning of the 20th. Just after spotting *L-49* and *L-50* at dawn, he had also sighted *L-44* in time to see her go down in flames. By this time, however, he was in no position to star-gaze. The engines in the forward and port cars, and one of the two in the stern gondola, had broken down completely. It was a miracle that he was able to maneuver at all, and even more so that he was able to escape from two French planes that attacked northeast of Lyons.

For the next hour, *L-45* hugged the cloud banks. Then Kolle tried desperately to beat his way northeast toward Geneva, Switzerland. But it was no use. As the chief engineer finally informed the captain: "The Maybachs are losing power. And our gasoline is almost exhausted."

By 10 A.M., Kolle had made his decision. "All hands, prepare for landing." He was over the town of Sisteron, in an area where the French seemed to have only limited military activity. Some of the men might even make an escape on foot.

He selected the dry, stony bed of a river as a landing field, the only area clear of trees. The maneuvering valves of the gas bags were opened, and the two emergency landing flags displayed.

"Captain, we are losing control," said the helmsman as the airship settled down into a small valley, where the air currents were more turbulent than they had been above.

Kolle himself sprang to the wheel, but he could immediately see that the control surfaces on the tail fins were useless.

Landing was always a critical maneuver. On an airfield, with a full landing crew and ideal weather conditions, more than one Zeppelin had gone up in smoke as valved hydrogen was touched off by static electricity or a spark while mixing with the air. Here, under these conditions, the dangers were increased many times. But Kolle was determined not to let the Zeppelin get away.

He held his men at their posts, as gas hissed from the bags. All engines had been cut out and all batteries and other electrical equipment disconnected just prior to the crash-landing. But still there was imminent danger of sparking, as pieces of metal were dragged across the river bed.

Finally the airship settled in one spot. Kolle ordered the men to form ranks 100 feet from the airship. Then he methodically collected all identification papers. These he placed with the ship's charts and papers in the wrecked control gondola. The navigator then fired the ship with a makeshift gasoline torch. The crew stood at attention at the opposite side of the river bed while *L-45* went up in smoke. It was 10:30 A.M.

Since no French soldiers had as yet arrived, Kolle assembled his crew and marched to a nearby farmhouse, where by chance he found a German infantry sergeant, in charge of a working party of German prisoners.

"There is little chance that any of your men could escape," said the sergeant. "The border is too far and too well-patrolled. I advise you to surrender. The prison camp here at Sisteron is better than most."

Thus ended the war for Kapitänleutnant Waldemar Kolle—more easily than it had for some of the best ships and men in the elite German Zeppelin Service. There was even a consolation prize. A little later, as Kolle turned his men over to the enemy, a French lieutenant walked up to him.

"Cigarette, Captain?"

Kolle puffed away, greedily and with a kind of ecstasy. For the duration of the war, he would be able to enjoy an occasional smoke—without danger of blowing up two dozen good men and a half million dollars worth of airship. ■

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Airborne Vice Girls

Continued from page 21

The buyer had been through the ropes before. He knew that all he had to do was say the word and the company host would make certain he didn't have to spend a lonely night in the big city. But he didn't want to take a chance on his good job and marriage, and said so in no uncertain terms.

The sales manager smiled tolerantly. "I'm sorry. I thought you knew. How would you like to spend the night in a spot where no one—wife, friends, relatives, detectives or what-have-you—can possibly know what is going on?"

"Where's that? The only place I'd really feel safe would be on the moon."

"Well it's not that high, but it's on the road. I mean in our executive plane."

"Executive plane?"

"Certainly. Since you were here last year we've bought a new business aircraft, a Grumman Gulfstream. It has all the comforts of your hotel plus a few extras. For a good customer like you, I'm sure we can get it for a night. I'll call the pilot right now."

Robert Blair is typical of today's executive pilot. After four years as an Air Force pilot and two years with an airline, Blair, who holds the top pilot rating of the Federal Aviation Agency, is now a pilot for a large Chicago firm which has its own fleet of aircraft. There are problems connected with business flying which are not encountered in the Air Force or the cabin of an airliner.

"The flight rules are the same, the instrument letdown procedures are similar, the radio calls and clearance don't differ. But, wow! Some of those passengers!"

Blair learned fast. After a thorough indoctrination program, he was assigned to fly the firm's only single-engine plane, the four-place Beechcraft Bonanza.

Early on the morning of his second day at the flight line, one of the vice-presidents of the firm called operations. "Could you fly my daughter to Pittsburgh this afternoon? She's due back at the University tonight."

Blair got the "mission." An hour later he was wiping a smudge spot from the door of the plane when a feminine voice said, "That's a good boy, I wouldn't want to get my new dress dirty."

He turned at the sound of the voice and saw a young girl of about 19 standing beside him. She had flaming red hair and a complexion that would've made a Georgia peach jealous.

"You must be the new pilot."

"Yes, miss. Robert Blair."

"I'm Rita. Daddy said you're going to take me back to school."

Blair nodded. "I've already filed a clearance. Are you all set to go?"

Moving close to him she said softly, "I'm ready to go any place with you, honey."

"Rita!" At the sound of her name the young girl said, "Oh, oh, here comes Mama."

"Mama" was a revelation. She didn't look a day over 38 years old and was just a more mature model of her daughter, red hair, creamy skin, shapely figure. "Rita, you behave yourself." She turned and looked at Blair. "Are you the pilot? Are you ready to leave?"

"All set. You going with us, too?"

"Of course."

Blair was relaxed and happy that the mother was in the plane. The weather was ideal and he flew contact all the way. Three hours after takeoff, the Bonanza touched down in Pittsburgh.

Rita and her mother took a cab to the University while Blair had the plane checked and refueled. Within an hour the mother was back. Fifteen minutes later Blair had the Bonanza in the air

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headed towards Chicago. This time Rita's mother sat in the front seat beside him. She had been a model of propriety on the trip over. As he cruised the Bonanza along Red 17 airway toward Mansfield, his companion suddenly said, "The engine sounds rough."

Blair's eyes flashed to the instrument panel. He listened attentively to the engine, which was purring like a contented kitten. "It checks all right," he said. "There's nothing to worry about."

"It still sounds rough to me," the redhead insisted. "I think we'd better land at Mansfield and have it checked."

Blair shrugged. A little stiffly, he muttered, "You're the boss."

He called the field, got landing instructions and set down. After taxiing to the line, he asked a mechanic to check the engine. Meanwhile Rita's mother walked over to the terminal office and talked with the girl behind the desk for a few minutes. Finally she joined him near the plane.

"They say the weather looks like it is closing in. We'd better stay here for the night," she told him.

Blair looked at the sky. It was perfectly clear except for one small cloud far to the north. "Closing in? I've never seen better flying weather."

The redhead suddenly stamped her foot in exasperation. "I said the engine is rough, the weather's bad, and we're staying here tonight whether you want to or not. Are you really as stupid as you act?"

The young executive pilot finally saw the light.

Her flashing smile showed all was forgiven. "Good. I've already called a motel a few miles down the road. I want to see if you can handle unexpected situations," she whispered as she snuggled close to him.

By the time they left Mansfield airport for the return flight to Chicago the next morning, Blair was a lot wiser about executive wives, and the business of executive piloting.

Not that executive flying is all pleasure and no business. However, if a pilot has the qualifications and keeps up-to-date with proper training and periodic check rides with expert instructors, there is no better position available that combines the thrill of adventure, the fine salary and the prestige, plus the opportunities of an executive pilot.

His life is varied. He never knows what new adventures he may experience on the next flight. On pilot periodically has to fly an executive of an aircraft firm to Cape Canaveral for test launchings. This character doffs his business suit and puts on flight togs as soon as they are airborne. A genius in designing solid core components for missiles, he is a dreamer who wishes he was a pilot and in the air tries to fulfill that wish, despite the fact that his wife wont' let him have the keys to the car.

Yet for every awkward incident there are pleasant and exciting ones. Such as the flight recently experienced by the pilot for a steel company. We'll call him Layton (which is not his real name since he is still happily engaged by the same firm). The president called him into his office one morning and said, "Thursday I want to fly to Miami. I will be the only passenger from Pittsburgh."

They took off in a plush C-46 which had been converted for executive use. The president, as usual, was dressed in a dark suit and looked every inch the part of a leader of industry. Sixty years old, he was distinguished looking and stern, a formal individual. Shortly after take off, Layton turned the controls over to the co-pilot and went back to check the cabin. The president reached out and stopped him.

"I want to stop at Columbia, South Carolina, on the way down."

"Yes, sir."

After landing at Columbia, Layton taxied the C-46 to a parking spot near the terminal. Back in the cabin he noticed that the president had not moved from his seat. There were no passengers on the cement apron outside. "I don't want to be seen here in Columbia," the executive confided, his formality cracking slightly. "Go into the terminal building and call this number. Tell the lady who answers that I am at the airport waiting." Layton could hardly keep from smiling. The possibility that his stiff-necked boss was going to pick up a lady companion had never entered his mind.

A soft, pleasant voice answered the telephone after the first ring and Layton explained about the waiting plane. "Thank you. We will be right out to the field."

We! Ten minutes after Layton's phone call, two long black Cadillacs pulled into the terminal parking lot and twelve beautiful girls got out and walked to the plane. It was the first time the pilot had ever seen the president relax his composure. "Help the girls into the plane, Layton. Help them."

Inside the cabin there was bedlam. All the pilot could hear was "Chuckie, you darling. Sweetheart. Let me sit beside him, Marie. You did last time." It was obvious no introductions were necessary. As Layton eased into his seat in the cockpit, a worried look wrinkled his face. It wasn't from flight problems. It was from the potential dynamite cargo—the beauties in the cabin.

At Miami, as Layton taxied the C-46 to a parking spot, the president joined him in the cockpit. "My guests will be hostesses for the customer relations committee. You know, get everyone acquainted with each other and take care of a few business matters. Naturally, I wouldn't want my wife to know about them. She might misunderstand."

Layton headed for the nearest taxi stand. "Honey! Oh, honey!"

On the opposite side of the street a stunning blonde was waving to him from a convertible. Since no other "Honey" answered, Layton ambled over. "Me?"

She smiled. "Sure, honey. You. Chuckie said for Edie to wait for you."

Chuckie? The name didn't register for a moment. Then he realized it was the president! He crossed the street and slipped into the front seat beside her. "That was thoughtful of him."

In the hotel lobby in Miami, Layton thanked the blonde for the lift.

"Now, don't rush away," the blonde said. "Chuckie said that four days is too long for you to spend alone in Miami. Little Edie is supposed to show flyboy everything."

Jim smiled at that. "Fine. Where shall I meet you after I shower and shave?"

Any doubts about their meeting place were erased when he asked for his room number. The hotel desk clerk looked at Edie and Layton and without flicking an eyelid called the bellboy and said, "Take this man and his wife up to Room 177."

Later, the executive pilot said, "If that convention is any indication of the treatment the clients receive it's no wonder we do such big business."

A week after they returned from Miami, Layton was assigned to fly the president's wife to Los Angeles for a two-week vacation. After dropping the woman off in California, he planned to have the C-46's engines overhauled at a repair terminal in Texas. The president's wife had other ideas. A vivacious woman 20 years her husband's junior, she had no intentions of going to the West Coast.

He did everything he could to talk her out of her decision to go with him to Texas, thinking she had had a few too many drinks. However, when she threatened to call her husband on the air-to-ground telephone and complain that the pilot was flirting with her, Layton agreed to take her to Dallas.

They reached Texas and she was saturated with liquor. Not wanting to risk an embarrassing scene at the airport, Layton opened the divan in the main compartment of the C-46 and fixed her a bed.

"You go ahead into town," he told the copilot. "I'll stay here with her until she sobers up and I can get her to a hotel."

Layton stretched out on the floor of the cabin and promptly went sound asleep.

He was awakened by bare feet hitting him in the face. The executive's wife had swung her legs over the side of the divan. She was still drunk, and giggling. He glanced at his watch. 3:00 A.M.! He rolled out of her reach and got up. "You ready to go to the hotel now?"

She started singing, got off the divan and walked over to him. "Honey, did you ever see me dance?"

Layton politely said he didn't care to watch his boss's wife dance in an airplane at that hour of the morning.

"You haven't seen a real dance then." With torso swaying and arms waving, she started doing a dance step.

When she staggered a bit, he pushed her away and headed for the door. "I'll be back in the morning."

"You leave the plane and I'll have you fired!" she snapped. "I'll tell my husband you tried to rape me!"

Layton was single, drawing a good salary at a job he loved. He was definitely not a woman-hater. And the boss's wife was attractive. The engines of the C-46 got a slow, thorough overhaul which lasted two weeks. By the time he turned them on and flew back to Pittsburgh, Layton knew the truth about being an executive pilot. He had attended the special ground school, in a luxurious hotel suite most pilots never hear about. ■

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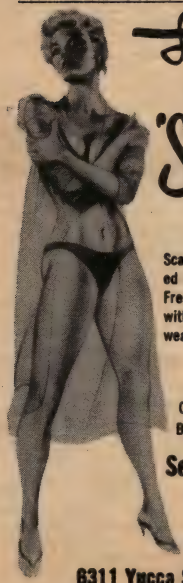

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World's Greatest Sea Rampage

Continued from page 19

minor break here and there, a flooded field or two, but little more.

When the concert ended a steady spray of water was sweeping along the edges of the dikes, whipped into a billowy fog by the rising wind. Overhead, shaggy clouds scudded inland across a starless sky.

"It looks bad," one of the villagers muttered to a companion.

"Yes," his friend agreed, "but it will blow over. Doesn't it always?"

Some two hours later, as the hands of the nation's clocks crept past midnight and the tiny coastal villages slept, a monstrous wall of water—some 600 miles across with a wave crest of 20 feet—came roaring out of the North Sea and smashed head on into the slumbering communities.

It demolished most of the village of Oosterland within minutes and rushed on.

At 's Gravendeel, a small town southeast of Rotterdam, hundreds of men, women and children, most of them in night clothes, poured into the dark streets, awakened by ringing church bells as the ancient flood alarm was sounded. The crowds streamed for the Mill Dike, the highest point of land along the principal dike.

As the townspeople huddled together, the children pressed protectively in the center, a thunderous explosion shattered the night. Three miles below, a dike had collapsed. A second explosion followed shortly as a dike on the opposite side gave way. The two funnels of water swept on, colliding at the Mill Dike. A geyser of water erupted 200 feet into the air, catapulting the more than 600 men, women and children into the swirling flood.

The speed with which the water rose was incredible. The average rise was 16 feet in less than 15 minutes, but there were devastating exceptions.

On the island of Tholen, a ten-year-old girl fled up a flight of stairs, the rest of her family still below as the flood waters burst through the doors and windows of the lower floor of their home. At the top of the landing the girl turned and stared in dumb horror as the waters swept over her parents and eight brothers and sisters, drowning them before her eyes.

In another part of the island, a young woman had just given birth to a son as the flood waters rose swiftly around her bed. Her husband, panic-stricken, ran out to find help. After struggling futilely against the battering current, the husband turned back. He was too late. The walls of his house collapsed. By the time he battled his way into the ruins, the onrushing torrent had swept away his wife and newborn child.

By 2:00 A.M., the entire Dutch coast, including the inland rivers leading from the sea, was a raging torrent. At Papendrecht mountainous waves wrenched 6,000-pound caissons from their moorings, flung them half a mile inland. A 200-ton barge was flipped over a dike like a pebble flung from a slingshot. As houses crumpled before the onslaught, many victims were drowned in their beds. Others, straggling out into the icy waters, were swept away in the raging flood.

The odd interplay of natural forces that led to the great Holland flood of 1953—the greatest disaster of its kind to strike this tiny country since the year 1421—was unpredictable, a tragic combination that meteorologists claim is not likely to be repeated again in a thousand years.

Winter storms in the North Sea generally don't linger on. They blow up quickly and blow out just as fast. On this night, however, a full moon and the sun exercised a joint tug on the raging Atlantic, drawing up an unusually high tide. At the same time a high pressure area of heated air blended in with the cyclonic winds. Instead of blowing itself out, the storm hovered stationary. When the wind reached a gale velocity of 100 miles an hour, the 600-mile head of water came barrel-rolling down the slot between Britain and Norway and smashed into the Dutch coast.

Leaping over the dikes, the wall of sea water scattered fishing fleets and cargo vessels in their harbors, battered savagely at seaside resorts like Scheveningen and Noordwijk. In some cases the water surged over the roofs of resort hotels along the beaches and flattened them to the ground. Gathering speed, the water branched off into the four leading estuaries that finger their way down through Holland's five major coastal islands. Pressed inward by the narrowing banks, the racing waves of water doubled their speed and height in minutes.

On Overflakke Island, nearly 50 people, including children, had clustered atop a dike, many of them on their knees mumbling prayers. A high-crested wave swept over them, but they were still there when it passed by. Shouts rose. Some of the people began to sing the Dutch hymn. A second wave swept in. This one cut the dike away from under them. Hurled into the flood, they were quickly sucked under.

On the islands of Duiveland, Walcheren, North and South Beveland and Tholen, which suffered the greatest damage, great sections of the landscape were transformed as water and cave-ins obliterated old landmarks and created new ones.

During those first few hours, between midnight and 5:00 A.M., as the Dutch recovered from the initial shock, the heroic struggle to survive began.

In Colijnsplaat, in North Beveland, the people had been fighting the rising waters

since shortly after midnight. The danger point was the 30-foot-wide dike cut normally used to facilitate the loading and unloading of ships. Under the supervision of the dike master, 40 volunteers piled sandbags against the cut which had already been closed off with the heavy boards used during an emergency. The planks creaked menacingly under the increasing pressure of the water piling up behind them.

"I'm afraid," the dike master muttered, "the planks aren't enough. We'll need steel beams."

Beams and additional planks were sent for, but moments later there was a crumbling sound. One of the structure's stone pillars was giving way before the battering waves. If the pillar fell, Colijnsplaat would be open to the sea.

Unhesitatingly, the 40 men threw themselves against the sagging cut. As a massive wave rolled over the cut, dousing them with icy water, the 40 dug in, pushed the sagging pillar upright. For two shattering hours the men fought their grim battle with the sea.

Miraculously, as they were nearing the point of exhaustion, salvation came. A 100-ton ship that had been battered against a nearby quay tore loose. Caught up by a hissing roller the ship was shoved up against the dike cut where it formed a solid wedge.

The weary men drew back. With the ship acting as a buffer, the threatened dike cut would hold. Colijnsplaat was out of danger.

In Rotterdam, the scramble of thousands of rats from the city's sewers was the first sign that something was wrong. By 3:10 A.M., part of the city was under water with the port area struggling against the highest tide level it had ever experienced. Attention was centered anxiously on the mammoth Hooge Zeedijk. If this defense system gave way, the lives of 3,000,000 people would be in danger.

At 4:00 A.M., with the waters still rising, work crews at the dike began to run out of sandbags. To make matters worse, the principal road out of Rotterdam and the railroad had been swamped by the rushing waters. Frantic army engineers mobilized every vehicle they could lay their hands on, sent them out to bring back whatever fill they could find. In some instances the cars, buses, trucks went 20 miles or more in their search for sand and bricks.

As dawn came, the sea surged within three feet of the top of the great dike. Desperately, the chain of workers passed sandbags along to shore up the great wall. An hour later, one of the last breaches was closed. As the dike continued to hold, hope cautiously returned. . . .

At Nieuwekerk, the captain of a Dutch ship loaded with sand had just drawn abreast of the town when a section of the dike crumpled before his eyes. Barking orders, the skipper swung the rudder hard over, aimed the prow of his ship for the ragged hole through which swirling water poured. With a shuddering crash the vessel rammed its way into the breached dike, locking it like a giant plug.

On the islands of Schouwen, Tholen, Walcheren and others, close to half a

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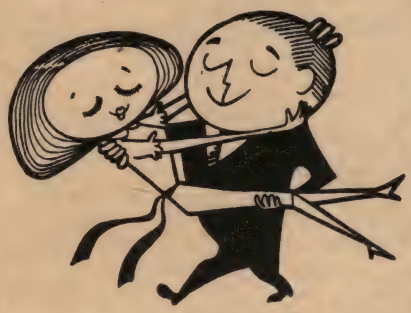

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million acres were under water. The death toll was small at first, with only 60 victims listed by midday Sunday. By evening it was up to a hundred. Monday's list soared to 600; on Wednesday it had passed the thousand mark.

And the end still wasn't in sight.

By Monday morning, when the full impact of what had happened became known, one of the world's greatest rescue operations began to shape up. The problems were staggering. In the badly struck areas some 300,000 people huddled in attics, waist deep in water, without light, heat, or food—nothing except the clothes they had hurriedly put on when the disaster struck.

As the calls for help went out, response was swift. Almost 5,000 American troops were dispatched from Germany to Holland immediately. These were followed by flying boxcars loaded with medical supplies, food and clothing. Other American aircraft dropped material to close up gaps in the breached dikes. The French sent 4,000 army engineers, while British aircraft completed hundreds of flights, dropping essential supplies to those stranded in the flooded areas. There were others who helped: doctors from Austria and Germany, nurses from Sweden, bridge-building experts from Canada and firefighting specialists from Italy. In all, over 53 countries sent contributions of personnel and supplies to the stricken nation.

Perhaps most vital to the rescue effort in those first days was the versatile helicopter.

"Without those heroic American and British pilots and their planes," a Dutch official said afterward, "the death toll would easily have doubled, perhaps tripled."

Some of the rescues effected by the "bird-men" pointed up the courage shown by the Dutch during the flood. One man clung to a telephone pole for two days before being picked up by helicopter. Another hung by his armpits from a wireless aerial for three days before help reached him. Other survivors were snatched from the tops of trees.

Some of the rescues were clouded with tragic overtones. One young engaged couple had spent 36 hours clinging to the top of a dike. Toward the end, the girl, her body numbed by the icy waters, died in the young man's arms. Rescuers found him cradling her body, singing softly, his mind gone.

At Spijkenisse, a couple had fled to the roof of their home as the lower floors were flooded. Holding onto the chimney with one hand, the wife supported her injured husband with the other. As the hours passed the swirling current kept battering the man's foot against the metal rain gutter.

Twenty-four hours later, when a helicopter arrived to take them off, the husband's foot had been mashed to a pulp against the gutter. Nothing remained but strings of lacerated flesh, some bits of splintered bone. Still, he was alive; his wife's courage had brought him through.

During that first week after the flood, the helicopter pilots continued their remarkable performance; landing in tight quarters, carrying staggering loads, effecting difficult rescues with great ingenuity.

American and British helicopters res-

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cued more than 2,500 victims through direct airlifts, but it is estimated that several times that number were saved by the food, clothing, and medical personnel the birdmen delivered to those victims who couldn't be moved.

As the rescue effort continued, help of all kinds poured into Holland at a rate that set new records. Tons of food came from Portugal; carloads of medical supplies from Germany; 25,000 tons of mixed supplies from Belgium; fabricated houses from Sweden, $1,500,000 from the United States along with thousands of tons of clothing.

Also, during this first week, the greatest disaster evacuation of the century was effectively carried out by the transporting of 100,000 people away from the stricken areas. Moved first into evacuation centers, they were then taken into the homes of Dutch families in areas that were spared.

Meanwhile, in the flooded districts, teams of soldiers — American, British, French, Dutch — searched the wreckage for victims buried beneath the soggy ruins. A particularly gruesome task was the disposal of thousands of dead animals by setting them ablaze to forestall the spread of disease.

Of the losses involved, including human life and property, the final tallies were staggering. At least 1800 people were drowned, many more thousands injured, and some 40,000 left homeless. Livestock losses were also overwhelming.

The land also took a severe beating, with one out of every 22 acres of the country's total acreage flooded. Salt deposits left after the sea water receded ruined much of this farm land for years to come. Conservative estimates put the monetary cost of the flood at $300,000,000.

Through the heroic efforts of the Dutch, restoration went forward at a good pace. Despite this, damage still remained in certain hard hit areas two years after the flood. Today, Holland again prospers, but the nation's eye is on the future. What about next winter, or the one after that? What if the highly improbable weather combination should be repeated, triggering a similar catastrophe?

To forestall such a possibility, Holland has embarked on the biggest, most costly program ever attempted to hold back the sea. Known as the Delta Plan, its massive dams, currently under construction, will close up the four arms of the sea that funnel into southwestern Holland. Behind them will be secondary dams that will serve as back-up defenses. For shipping purposes, one of the sea arms will be left open.

For some idea of the size of this project, one of the dams to be built along the Eastern Scheldt will hold back a surging daily tide of 290 billion gallons. The Haringvliet Dam, half completed, will not only carry waters from the Maas and Rhine rivers, but will have to handle thousands of tons of discharged winter ice. Steel sluice gates, each measuring 190 feet wide and weighing 425 tons, will be operated by the flick of a switch.

Begun in 1955, with the completion date targeted for 1978, the Delta Plan will eventually cost the thrifty Dutch a whopping $750,000,000. But it's a price tag no Dutch citizen begrudges. ■

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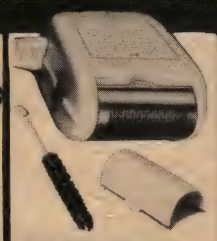

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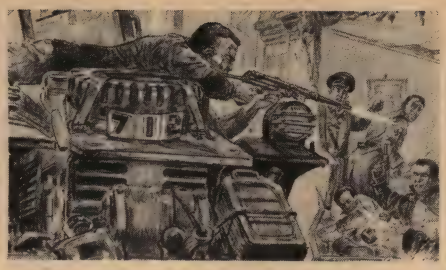

Fantastic GI Hoax

Continued from page 24

men who had never seen the Frenchman in the flesh. He would have to speak both French and German, and be a radar expert. And he would have to work fast: his true identity was bound to be discovered soon.

Richie's appearance and qualifications made him a natural for such an assignment. He himself had noted that he bore a certain physical resemblance to Bouchard. The stakes were high. The snorkel, the *Zaunkoenig* acoustic torpedo, the Golem submersibly fired antiaircraft rocket, and the types XXI and XII superfast U-boats were only a few of the Doenitz "secret weapons" which had appeared in 1944 or were known to be due within months. Everyone who worked in antisub warfare against Germany knew that the 1943 triumph of the Allies could be reversed in 1944 and 1945.

The scientific community in Germany was sorely harassed by the secret police and the political bosses. There was a slim chance that an outsider could get into the middle of all this and survive. But the enormous risks were canceled out by the possibility of decisive results for the course of the war.

Within a few days Al Richie arrived in Germany, equipped with identity papers and a cover story. The phony Pierre Marie Bouchard presented his orders at Sengwarden, met his colleagues, and established himself in an apartment on the edge of the town which afforded him plenty of privacy for the activities that, as OSS agent Al Richie, were his real reason for being there.

There were three main centers of German technical activities during these years. Rocketry and atomic rsearch were located at Peenemunde; and advanced submarine design was at Kiel; over-all submarine operations were at Sengwarden near Wilhelmshaven.

OSS planners had instructed Richie to give the Germans some slight advanced knowledge in radar technology which the British possessed anyway and which would strengthen Richie's hand with his "employers." It was left to Richie's discretion whether to use this important knowledge or not.

The decision was taken out of the American agent's hands when a group of German officers, in July 1944, made an attempt on Hitler's life. A wave of terror swept over Germany, security restrictions were tightened, and Ernst Weisskopf at Sengwarden distinguished himself by an act of unbelievable brutality toward a scientist there by having him tortured and murdered.

Weisskopf still did not suspect Richie, but if the impostor wanted to remain undetected and continue his work, it was time for him to play what cards he had to improve his position with the scientific community at Sengwarden.

Richie came up with a modification of the Metox which did in fact permit its users to detect microwave radar search signals aimed at hunting them out. With Richie's "invention" German sub commanders could hope to submerge as soon as they sensed Allied boats or planes were bouncing radio beams off them. Handing over this device was a calculated risk on Richie's part. However, its usefulness was extremely limited. It only worked when it was aligned at absolute right angles to the incoming signals, and then only briefly and with a response that even a trained operator could not be positive of. On the positive side, it earned him the gratitude of the dangerous Weisskopf, and quite a few congratulations from all over the country. It also meant an inside line on everything that went on in Doenitz' U-boat navy.

The single contact OSS had given him was a diplomat in the Swiss Consulate in Berlin, a political attaché named Arthur Wessel. Richie's signal was to call Wessel's home phone as a "wrong number" and ask for any of a dozen prearranged names. Wessel would then arrange to meet him, or pick up a package delivered at a "dead drop," depending on the name Richie asked for. Wessel would smuggle out whatever information he was given by diplomatic pouch.

The information Richie now had to pass on was of major importance. A supply boat from Japan was nearing Kiel, having successfully run the Allied blockade and carrying tungsten alloy no longer available in Germany and vitally necessary for the electrical system of the superfast U-boats whose construction was temporarily delayed because of this crucial shortage.

On some pretext the American traveled to Berlin and met Wessel in a crowded section of Berlin's West End. Wessel was knocking out his pipe against the sole of his shoe—the only recognition signal. Richie had wondered about his contact, but was reassured on sight. The Swiss diplomat, in his 40s, was in top physical condition and in every respect up to his assignment. He explained however, that he no longer trusted anyone, even in his own office, and that personal meetings had to be avoided. He suggested that they use the "dead drops" whenever possible.

On his return to Sengwarden, Richie felt that he would be arrested at any moment. But no one suspected him. A week later he heard that a succession of raids by Flying Fortresses had destroyed the Kiel U-boat pens, and that the

damage included the loss of the supply boat with the vital tungsten.

One of the reports he sent back pointed to the rise of Doenitz and the German Navy as the number two power in Germany, instead of Himmler and his secret police. Events proved Richie right.

Richie's successes were adding up. The German subs that put to sea in the fall and winter of 1944-45 were on Allied tracking charts from the time they left their ports in Germany or Norway. Doenitz' losses were mounting. U-boats were bombed at their bases at three times the rate of sinkings at sea, and the vital assembling of the new "secret weapon" boats was choked up time after time by accurate bombings that eliminated one or another element of construction.

In all this destruction, Richie's contribution was just one element among many, but there is no doubt that his position at the elbow of Nazi U-boat planners and his ability to get out information spelled the difference between the evenly matched battle Doenitz expected and the murderous hunt by Allied killer teams that actually resulted.

Meanwhile, Richie's personal life at Sengwarden was getting more involved.

His so-called friendship with Weisskopf, at first the SS man's idea, had now become indispensable to Richie. A heavy drinker, the security boss trusted Richie as he trusted no German, and with a couple of tumblers of brandy in him he regularly gave the American a complete progress report on the efforts of the Gestapo to plug the security leak they by now suspected was somewhere at the heart of the U-boat command itself.

In the course of their drinking bouts, when the OSS agent had to stay sober to keep a clear head, Weisskopf urged him to help himself to the most attractive women at Sengwarden. And Richie could hardly avoid obliging his odious companion. So he willy-nilly stepped into a number of indifferent love affairs, with the official sanction of the security boss. At least on the surface, everything seemed on the up and up, which was all the more necessary since Richie had overstayed his time in Germany at least by six weeks and was in danger of being caught any moment. He needed Weisskopf's good will, although under different circumstances he cheerfully would have killed the man.

By this time, Richie felt he had done his job and at the turn of the year Allied victory seemed only a matter of time. Besides, he and Wessel, the Swiss diplomat, had privately concluded that someone within the OSS network had sold out to the Germans, but they could not find a way to get rid of the man they suspected—an employee in Wessel's own office. Meanwhile Weisskopf continued to fill in Richie on the progress of the Gestapo hunt, and Richie could see the noose narrowing.

But much as he wanted to get out Richie couldn't leave now. Admiral Doenitz himself was responsible for this, quite unintentionally, when he set in motion the last great strike of his U-boats during WWII—*Operation Seawolf*. Richie knew that he couldn't leave until

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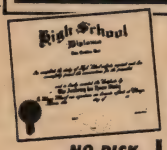

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he had gotten to the bottom of *Seawolf*, although it might cost him his life if he stayed.

From what can be gathered about *Operation Seawolf*, in retrospect, it was in a state of constant flux, since even Doenitz himself did not know till the last moment exactly what he would have at his disposal. The raid was a suicide raid, similar to many others of the Nazi submarine fleet. It was intended to inflict maximum damage on U.S. shipping in American waters and strike at the Atlantic seaboard, possibly at New York City itself, by means of U-boats carrying V-2 rockets that could be launched from beneath the surface. While the German High Command knew that the war could no longer be won, such a raid might nevertheless force the Allies into a negotiated peace instead of insisting on unconditional surrender.

Thanks to the work of Al Richie and other agents, Allied Intelligence realized these implications, and they were scared. It is a matter of record that a joint Army-Navy statement warning of a possible V-2 attack on America's east coast was issued on November 7, 1944. This was followed by further warnings by Admiral Jonas Ingram of the Atlantic Defense Command, as reported in the New York *Times* and other eastern newspapers in January 1945 and then again the following May.

Right up to the end, Intelligence reports continued to flow out of Germany on the progress of *Seawolf*. The forces of Doenitz were small but high-powered, all snorkel-equipped, operating from Norwegian ports, all commanded by veteran officers and manned by hand-picked crews.

But Al Richie knew what these boats could do with the extensive souping-up and the new inventions that had been poured into them. He had to get copies of the over-all attack plan. And he did.

On a desk at Navy Intelligence in Washington were copies of the sealed orders under which the German captains would sail—even before those orders were opened at sea in mid-March of 1945 aboard various U-boats. Al Richie in Sengwarden decided he could be of no further use to the Allies. He had to get out of Germany, on the double.

Ernst Weisskopf visited Richie on a night in March when the American agent had gotten off a facsimile of the sealed orders to Wessel, the Swiss diplomat in Berlin. The Nazi bully, drunk as usual, still considered Richie his friend, and this was no time to enlighten him. Weisskopf kept muttering something about "positive word" from Berlin, and Richie decided this was the moment to silence his "friend."

He merely hit the drunken man with his pistol butt, and that was all. Weisskopf passed out. He would never know what hit him, Richie reflected, and why kill the man unless he absolutely had to?

A few hours later Richie was explaining to Wessel why he had decided to run and why Wessel should come with him. They were standing in a street of a Berlin suburb where four corpses dangled from lampposts, put there by SS "deserter squads" who roamed the rear area hanging stragglers and "defeatists" without trial as an "example to the German people."

The morbid sight affected them both, and they took the only logical course of action—get through the Allied lines.

At a town a few miles from the front, the faked travel passes Wessel had provided for them no longer worked. SS patrols roamed by the dozens, each operating independently, so there was no way to get through all of them. Only

"Are we feeling better this morning, Mr. Gregory?"

men in uniform progressed farther toward the front, and even the soldiers were checked time and again. Neither Richie nor Wessel had uniforms.

They had ducked the SS squads by the narrowest of margins half a dozen times when an army car stopped a few hundred yards ahead of them and six officers with the death's-head insignia took time out for lunch amid the rubble of a building.

For Richie, it was now or never, and the Swiss proved to be more than worth his weight in action.

Richie had the only weapon between them, a small-caliber pistol he had taken with him since he arrived in Germany. The SS officers looked up with surprise and some annoyance when he appeared to interrupt their meal, but they showed no alarm. One of them kept eating. Richie's pistol was the last thing they saw. Their shock at realizing that a man was covering them with a weapon gave Wessel the brief break he needed to reach the car. Inside the car, as Richie and Wessel had expected, there were heavier weapons. Wessel selected a machine pistol, a weapon which was standard equipment in the Swiss as well as the German army and which he felt thoroughly familiar with. He tossed another one to Richie.

The SS officers moved for Richie at almost the same moment. When the fastest was almost on him, Richie fired twice, and then a third time. Then he looked up for the others, but they were not coming. He saw the bodies on the ground and remembered he had heard the Schmeisser chattering.

One of the men still writhed. Wessel finished him off with a single shot. As he methodically stripped the corpse, he explained to Richie that the bursts from the machine pistol had already ruined the uniforms of four, but, then, there were two left. Now they finally had the outfits they needed.

In their disguise, Richie and Wessel got to the West without incident, taking the trouble to collect an SS squad and round up deserters as they went, not for hanging but for returning them to the front, to the first unit they found there. The officer who accepted them seemed to agree that the renewed use of the fighting men "was more economical to the defense of Germany than hanging them." That night the two "SS officers" sweated out crossing the lines and "surrendering" to American forces who, they knew, might well be taking no prisoners. There were no further risks in store for them, however, beyond a skeptical American lieutenant who couldn't figure out why his "prisoners" kept insisting they knew nothing at all of German troop dispositions on the other side of the lines.

The misunderstanding was quickly cleared up, though, and today Alton D. Richie is the holder of the Distinguished Service Medal and the Navy Cross, awarded on December 12, 1945, and March 3, 1946, respectively. He is now a successful Washington patent lawyer, and while his job is quite lucrative, he finds it rather dull. ■

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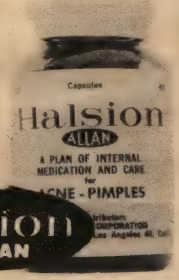

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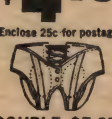

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Continued from page 35

hoarsely, "Tell them to give me some water."

He snapped an order and two of the savages freed my wrists while another moved off to a hut and returned with a tin mug full of fresh water which I gulped down.

I explained to him in a few words that I was on my way to Hawaii when I was shipwrecked. "If you can help me with a canoe and a little water and food, I would be quite willing to get on my way," I said.

"That," the man said gutturally, "is impossible. You will have to stay here and if you try to steal a canoe to get away you will be followed and killed. This island belongs to me and all these people belong to me. What is your name?"

I told him my name and he said, "I rule this island. The outside world will never know about this island. You will remain and work here and if you behave yourself and don't try any tricks, in one year I shall give you the freedom of the island and a wife of your choice, except one of my women."

I was little more than a slave during the next six months.

I thought of escaping many times and in fact, after about eight months on the island, when I was roaming around pretty well as I liked, I looked longingly at the long outrigger canoes moored in a hidden cove on the north side of the island. There was only one entrance, a narrow channel only about eight or nine feet wide, on the north side where it was possible to enter to a small lagoon without running onto a reef.

The women were quite good-looking, some were medium to white. Probably, I thought, the offspring of white men and kanaka women. Others were ugly.

Only one of the women appealed to me, a youngish woman of about 25 or so—about two years younger than myself—a woman almost white, or she could have been white but suntanned. Good-looking and slimly built and quite unlike the island women. It was about ten or eleven months before I discovered she was the white man's daughter.

He called me to his hut one night and ordered me to sit down. His daughter, whose name I did not then know, sat to one side, shy and head downcast, but glancing at me from time to time.

"My name is Mueller," the chief said suddenly as he studied my face. "I am a Bavarian. This is my daughter, Anna. Her mother was Javanese, from Bali. In 1917 I fought a battle 50 miles from this island. My ship was sunk under me and all my men were lost except two and my wife, who was traveling with me. My wife and I drifted about on some wreckage for four days before some canoes from this island found us.

"These people had never seen a white man before. They were very kind to us. Innocent like children. I saw what would happen to them when the white men came and planted their missionaries here, brought their liquor and their diseases.

"I stayed here and in time the people accepted me and when their chief died I appointed myself their chief. They live, as you have seen, happily and contentedly without the help of missionaries or any other form of civilization, and I want it to remain like that forever.

"Have you been happy here?" he asked me kindly, and then smiled for the first time. "Are you willing to stay with us for the rest of your life?"

I sat in thought for a few minutes before replying. What did I have to go back to? I had no ties in the world.

"I would like to stay," I said.

Mueller rose and gave me his hand. "You are now a fully accepted member of my community," he said. "You are free to go where you choose and to take yourself a wife. Have you decided on a wife?"

I looked at the girl Anna and nodded. "I should like to marry your daughter," I said.

Mueller smiled and called Anna to his side. "Do you like him, Anna?"

She nodded shyly. He took her hand and placed it in mine and then said solemnly, "As you like one another and want to be together, I, as the ruler of this island, hereby declare that you are now legally married."

Mueller took a small notebook from a tin and wrote our names in it and the date—December 3, 1935—and made me sign it. Anna signed below my name.

I never regretted that choice I made. I was very happy.

Mueller rigidly controlled the natives, partly in order, as he explained to me, to keep the population on an even level at about 400 to 450, the maximum he reckoned the island could support in safety. Monogamy was the general rule, but if a man took a wife and if she produced no child after one year, he could take a second or a third.

Anna bore our first child, a girl, after ten months, and the second 15 months later.

As the years passed I lost all inclina-

tion to ever return to civilization. I was happier than I had ever been before. There was practically no discord on the island and on the few occasions when one of the savages stepped out of line Mueller's justice was swift and unrelenting.

I saw him have three savages whipped over a period of seven years between 1935 and 1942, men who had committed what were serious crimes not only on the island but anywhere in the world.

During this time I saw Mueller execute only one man: the savage killed one of the island's women.

Mueller tried him just as he would have done in an ordinary court of law. Three witnesses were heard and the savage was asked if he had anything to say. He had not and Mueller pronounced sentence immediately: to be hanged by the neck until dead.

We did not have any other murder during all the time I was on the island.

It may seem strange to the rest of the world, but we knew nothing about the war until mid-1943. We were completely cut off from the world. It was not until one afternoon when a savage came running excitedly to tell Mueller that there was a ship off the island—the first we had seen in nine years—that we realized there was a war on.

Lying off the northern shores was a frigate flying the ensign of the British Royal Navy and putting off from her was a motor launch.

We had no weapons apart from spears and an ancient first World War pistol that belonged to Mueller.

"We shall go and see them," Mueller said.

A first lieutenant led the party of six sailors ashore and told us within minutes that the whole world had been at war since September, 1939 and that the Japanese were sweeping over the Pacific. "We are visiting the islands to warn white people to evacuate because the Japanese are killing as they go," the officer said.

Mueller had cautiously introduced himself as "Miller," I noted.

"We suggest that any white people on the island should go with us," the officer said. "We are making for Darwin, Australia."

"This is our island," Mueller said firmly. "We intend to stay. We are out of the way. I don't think the Japanese will come this far east."

The ship was gone within two hours

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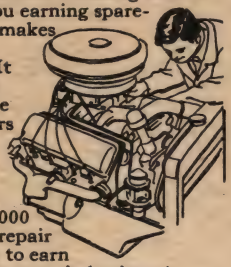

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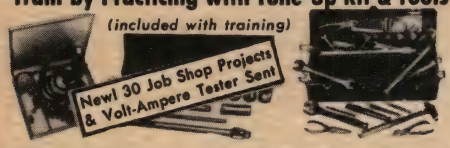

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and we were once more alone, but Mueller now posted sentries. It was not long—three days—when one of the sentries signaled the approach of a ship—a Japanese destroyer, as it turned out.

We saw them coming to land in a launch but Mueller doggedly refused to go into the interior with me to hide until the Japs had gone.

"You stay out of sight," Mueller warned me. "Leave this to me. If anything happens to me, stay in hiding. I am a German, they might not do anything to me."

From a vantage point in a cliffside I watched while Mueller and some Japanese officers and sailors entered his hut. They were in there a long time, and as they came out I saw Mueller shaking hands with two of the men. The party returned to the ship and an hour later the launch set out for the island with eight sailors in it. The destroyer weighed anchor and sailed away.

I watched the Japanese working until the evening, erecting radio masts and cables, and it was near midnight when Mueller appeared where I was in hiding.

"I want their launch," Mueller said. "The Japanese are sending a garrison to take over the island for a base so that they can attack San Francisco and Los Angeles. This is my island, but I cannot fight the Japanese navy. There are seven sailors and one officer. I think we can take them. They have plenty of fuel and guns. If we can get the launch we should get to Australia all right and when the war is over we shall return."

About four o'clock in the morning Mueller reappeared with a dozen of his best warriors and we crept up on the Japs who had posted a sentry while the others slept. The sentry died with a shattered skull and the others died under the warriors' spears before they could raise a finger to defend themselves.

We worked throughout the morning loading the 40-foot launch with food and fresh water to last the nine of us who would be gone not less than two weeks. There were Mueller and his favorite wife and his only daughter born on the island, my wife and two children, myself, and some warriors to assist us. We sailed soon after sunset.

We were within a hundred miles of Darwin before we sighted a ship—a British cruiser. They picked us up and sank the launch. For us the war should have been over, but it wasn't for two days before we reached Australia on a round-about route. Mueller took ill, running a high fever, and died the same night. The surgeon aboard the cruiser said it was a burst appendix. He was buried at sea and the islanders were taken ashore and given work in the docks while Anna and the children and I were held for a time until we were given a security clearance. Then we found a house and stayed in Darwin where I took work and spent the rest of the war.

We made our way to the Irish Republic where we live today, but I never crossed the border into Northern Ireland. They've probably forgotten about those old charges against me, but there's no reason for me to crowd my luck. ■

"Smith? I thought your name was Wills."

Your Thinning Hair

. . . will you do something about it before friends begin to notice?

How thousands have used a home plan over the past 14 years to help solve this problem.

If your hair is thinning or hairline receding, *you* are the first to notice.

In the cycle of hair growth a few hairs fall every day, of course, and in normal growth their place is eventually taken by new hairs.

But when *you* discover *many* hairs in your comb, or when shampooing brings them out, that's "it"!

Generally *you* notice this hair-thinning about two years before your friends do, though they may be thoughtful and polite enough to keep quiet longer than that.

Eventually, however, they comment that "It looks like you have more 'forehead' than a year or so ago." Now the problem has become full blown and . . .

You wonder what to do

First, let's look into probable causes:

In the hair cycle we've already mentioned, the hair roots, or follicles as they are called, produce hairs, then rest, and then produce again.

It is believed that thinning of hair, and balding, are caused in most cases because follicles do not resume their production after the resting period.

Here's how all this is technically described (underlining, and parenthetical phrases, are for explanatory emphasis):

"When a follicle approaches the end of its growth cycle, a club hair is formed above the bulb and the bulb is largely destroyed, leaving the follicle much shorter, and having a hair germ of undifferentiated cells (not of specialized form, character and function), which is the seed for the next generation of hair. When activity is set off again, the simple hair germ rebuilds a bulb which then manufactures hair and the inner root sheath again." (When activity isn't set off again that's when hair thinning starts.)

"During its period of growth, a follicle produces hair to its fullest capacity and cannot be pushed beyond its limits. Increased hair production, then, can only be achieved by initiating activity in quiescent follicles, and preventing them from going into the (permanent) resting state."

These pictures are not posed by a professional model. They are actual "before" and "after" pictures of a user of the Home Plan described here.

How can this be done?

How can this be done, you ask?

Consider the Brandenfels Home Plan of Scalp Applications and Massage which have, in 14 years, helped thousands of men and women with scalp problems, including thinning hair.

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Independent state-licensed certified public accountants have counted and made affidavits as to over 24,000 testimonials in the Brandenfels office, at their last tabulation.

The four chief benefits specifically mentioned are:

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Reduction of Excessive Hair Fall.
Relief from Dandruff Scale.
Other Improved Scalp Conditions.

If you, or someone you know, have excessively falling hair, a rapidly receding hair line, or other unhealthy scalp conditions, you owe it to yourself, your family and your business associates to get full information on the Brandenfels Home System. Every day you delay may make your problem just that much more difficult.

Remember that even on smooth bald heads hair roots may still be alive and capable of growing hair again after proper stimulation. "Increased hair production can only be achieved by initiating activity in quiescent follicles—preventing them from going into the (permanent) resting state."

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* *"With ageing there is a progressive transformation of growing hair follicles into lanugo types (those that produce fine, short hairs —as on the back of the hand). The growing hair follicles are richly vascularized (supplied with blood vessels) but the lanugo hairs have only one or two capillaries associated with their hair bulb."*

(Technical quotations on this page are from "The Biology of Hair Growth," a summary of papers presented at the London conference on The Biology of Hair Growth as edited by Drs. William Montagna and Richard A. Ellis and published by Academic Press, Inc., New York and London.)

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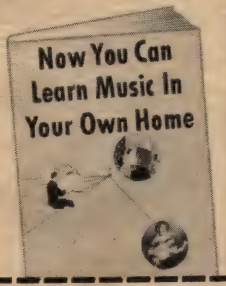

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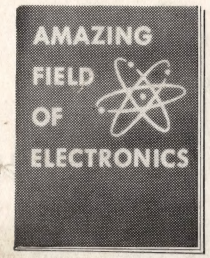

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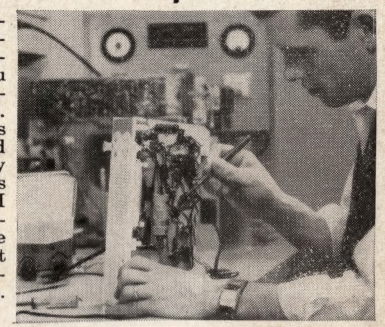

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